

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

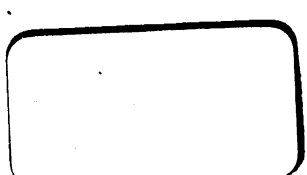
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Incidents In My Sunday School Life

BY

Lillie Montfort.





INCIDENTS

IN

MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIFE;

OR,

SHORT CHAPTERS FOR TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

BY LILLIE MONTFORT,

AUTHOR OF "MY CLASS FOR JESUS," ETC.

[*Selected from the Wesleyan Sunday-School Magazine.*]

LONDON:
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD,
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1873.

1482. f 184

LONDON: R. NEEDHAM, PRINTER, PATERNOSTER-ROW.





CONTENTS.

	PAGE
She is not Converted	1
The Earnest Teacher	5
How to Visit	13
The Teacher's Surprise	19
Treasures	24
The Wedding Garment	28
The New Scholar	33
"Things Seen and Things not Seen"	39
"Is it Beneath You?"	46
James Elliott, or, the Father's House	53
"Love Covereth all Sins"	61
The Chat in the Meadow	65
Whose Yoke do you Wear?	70
He Saves the Lost	76
The One Way	80
The Sweet Name of Jesus	85
Christmas, or, the Birthday of Jesus	91
The New Year, or, Where shall I Begin?	97

The Covenant Service - - - - - - 103
The School Festival - - - - - - 108
God Wants the Boys - - - - - - 114
The Scripture-Tickets - - - - - - 118
John's Teachers - - - - - - - 123
"After That" - - - - - - - 129
Annie's Conversion - - - - - - 135
Rosa's Christmas Invitations - - - - 142
"Almost a Christian" - - - - - 149
Is Lucy V—— Sincere? - - - - - 154
My Name; or, How shall I Know? - - - 159
A Woman's Ornaments - - - - - 165
Will You be the Last? - - - - - 172
"Taken to Jesus" - - - - - - 179
Nora Grayson's Dream - - - - - 184



INCIDENTS IN MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIFE;

OR,

SHORT CHAPTERS FOR TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

SHE IS NOT CONVERTED.

THE sunshine of gladness illumined little Nellie's face; she closed the door, and ran into the nursery, singing, "I'm so happy! I'm so happy! Auntie *is* converted." And the teacher went on her way, musing on the child's question, "Are the teachers converted?"

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if Nellie understood Mr. D——. He certainly was very uncompromising in his remarks, and seemed to think it not merely desirable, but *essential*, that Sunday-school teachers should be true and earnest disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am not quite sure that I fully agreed with him, and yet I could not have opposed him, or have found a valid argument for the contrary view of the case. But I was not converted when I began to teach; no one told me that I lacked 'the one thing;' no one intimated that my spiritual darkness rendered it inexpedient to accept my services: on the contrary, I was welcomed and flattered, and an important class was given me, and I was in danger of being ruined for a teacher.

"But I did my best; at all events, I was *early* and *punctual* in my attendance; I was conscientious on these points. (I have known plenty of converted teachers not so parti-

cular.) As regards *what* I taught, it was what was expected, —the school and chapel hymns, the Denominational Catechisms, and my children learned portions of Scripture: then we read the New Testament; and, of course, I tried to explain it. (I am not sure, though, that I was at all qualified to do this.) Besides these things, I endeavoured to teach them to reverence the Sabbath-day; to behave decorously in the House of God; to obey them that had the rule over them, and 'to do their duty in that state of life unto which it should please God to call them.'

"All good and proper, no doubt; but, alas! sadly insufficient. However, I did not find this out until God in His mercy brought me, a sinner, to the Cross of Calvary, and taught me by His Spirit that the sinner was free and forgiven, for 'the Sinless had died.'

"What a change that caused in all my feelings! How well I recollect the first Sabbath I went to school *a converted teacher*. My heart was brim full of love to Jesus; and as I thought of all He had done for me, I seemed to hear Him say, 'Feed My lambs.'

"*Jesu's lambs!* I thought, and they have been His all along, and I have not remembered it. Certainly He cannot hitherto have recognized my work; indeed, it has not been *for Him*. I have lost sight of Him, but I will not again forget that it is for Jesus I am to labour. 'Feed My lambs.'

"I entered the schoolroom praying that I might be assisted by the Holy Spirit, and made useful to the 'lambs.' How peculiar were my emotions! I looked round my class, and wondered that I should ever have thought it was composed of very common-place children; they were, every one of them, invested with some special attraction, and as the lambs of the flock I felt a love for them that I cannot describe. I have often wondered since what the children thought of me that day, and how it was that they were so attentive, and

gentle, and obedient. One of the girls repeated Dr. Watts's well-known hymn,—

'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' etc.;

and I could not help saying, 'O, how beautiful that is! the last verse is my feeling exactly;' and I believe I wept, for one little child gently touched me, and asked, 'Are you so very sorry, teacher?' and I told her I was glad that Jesus died for me, but sorry that I had not loved Him more; and then I told them how willing Jesus was to bless them. And we talked about His Name, and what sweetness there was in it, and how it explained what the mission of Jesus was—*to save!* And I felt while I talked that I could not put sufficient persuasive tenderness in my tones.

"I can distinctly recollect many of the events of the next few weeks. Once I prayed with a sick child, and she wonderingly said, 'O, teacher! how nice and kind; you never did that before.' Neither had I; but then *I was not converted.* Dear me! when I think of that period of my life, the deeper is my conviction that our Minister was right when he said, 'Every Sunday-school teacher ought to be converted.'"

And the teacher, having reached her destination, was about entering the schoolroom when she was hurriedly greeted by a fellow-teacher, and then asked, "Shall you be at the teachers' meeting to-morrow evening?"

"I expect to be," was the reply; "but is there any particular business on hand?"

"Miss C—— is to be proposed as a teacher."

"O, I am sorry!" was the involuntary exclamation; "she is not converted."

"Well, I'm sure!" indignantly replied the first speaker; "who ever heard of making that an objection? she is in a respectable position, and was willing to come, and Mr. G—— has promised to propose her."

"I have been thinking of the speeches made at the school

tea-meeting; and I am inclined to support the views there expressed, that to be good, useful, soul-saving teachers, we ought to be ourselves numbered with those who have redemption in the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of all our sins."

And the teachers went to their classes, the one mourning that another unsaved teacher would be appointed to a class, the other thinking how strangely Mrs. —— spoke, and eagerly looking out to tell other teachers what had been said about Miss C——.

Many years have elapsed since the above events transpired, and probably in many schools the conductors have become awake to the fact that *converted labourers* are essential if the proper work of the Sunday-school is to be carried on; and in the most prosperous schools, those which year by year send up scholars to swell the number of Church-members, it will be found that the teachers *are* a band of united, persevering, praying, consistent Christians. Their motto is not merely, "The children for our school," but "The children for Jesus!" and together they labour that the lambs may be gathered into the fold. No mental qualification can make up for the lack of piety, no teaching tact is sufficient unless accompanied by deep personal interest in the atonement of Jesus. When we can say "The love of Christ constraineth us," we may believe that, while we teach, the Spirit will be given; and of our scholars it will be recorded,—as was long ago recorded of Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened,"—*they attended to the things spoken by us.*

"Often have we gone forth weeping,
Bearing precious Gospel seed:
Hasten, Lord, the time of reaping,
Days of plenteous gathering speed;
When the fruits of labour sharing,
Joyfully again we come;
Sheaves of souls immortal bearing,
Sweetly singing—Harvest Home."



THE EARNEST TEACHER.

THE term "earnestness" is sometimes used to express eagerness in the prosecution of an object, at other times to depict the deep seriousness that comes over us when thought is exercised on matters of solemn import. A Sunday-school teacher should possess both; but he may even do so, and notwithstanding his earnestness, be a very unsuccessful teacher.

Why?

Because, as the Rev. B. Smith tells us, "Earnestness is not everything." "Effort," to be successful, "must be *rightly directed* as well as diligent." There are numbers of teachers who have no idea of *adaptation;* they talk to children as they would talk to men and women, and expect the poor things to listen patiently, while they give a series of comments on several verses of a chapter, and wind up with an earnest appeal to the consciences of their hearers. Probably the appeal is the only part of the affair that attracts any attention, and very seldom is that effective when the lesson itself has had no points of interest.

A Sabbath-school teacher of many years' experience whilst on a visit in the West of England, was introduced to a Miss R——. In the course of the evening which they were spending together, the host took occasion to state to his visitor that Miss R—— was the most punctual teacher in ——— Sunday-school; a pattern to all, and labouring steadily on in the midst of many discouragements. Always

ready to be interested in Sunday-school work, the visitor entered into conversation with the lady; and after what she had previously heard, felt surprised to be informed by Miss R—— herself that she was most discouraged; the girls in her class were irregular in attendance, and dull and listless when present. "In point of fact," she said, "I do not think they care for good things at all; and I am always talking to them about the awful solemnity of living so unprepared for eternity. I *should* like to hear some one ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' But, there, Miss L——, I cannot see a ray of light, and if it were not that I feel it to be *a positive duty* to work in the vineyard, I really should not *take up the cross*."

The visitor no longer wondered that this teacher was unsuccessful and discouraged, but while she pondered these things she only asked, "What plan do you pursue?"

"Well, you know it is a Bible-class; and in the morning we use 'The Union Notes,' and of course take the lessons as they arrange them for us."

"What is the subject for next Sunday?"

"The first and second chapters of the Book of Esther. I would like to ask you to take it, but the girls must be so different to any you have ever taught, that I am ashamed."

"I will teach it next Sunday morning, if you like," replied the visitor. "I have taught pretty well all sorts of girls, and boys, too, for that matter, and it would really be a pleasure to me to relieve you of 'the cross' for one Sunday."

There might have been the slightest touch of sarcasm in the tone of the speaker, but if so, it is certain Miss R—— did not discover it, and she accepted the offer. The Sabbath arrived, and seated at the breakfast-table, the visitor announced, "I have engaged to go to school this morning, and teach for Miss R——."

"I had some work for you," said the host, "but I stand

aside, for Miss R—— deserves to have your services; *she never neglects her class.*"

Accordingly, Miss L—— started for the school-room, but was surprised to be speedily joined by Miss R——.

"But what are *you* going to do?" she inquired.

"O," was the reply, "I must be there to attend to preliminaries; besides, I wouldn't for worlds the girls should think I had taken a holiday; I so often tell them about *what I give up* for their welfare."

The visitor made another mental note, but replied, "I do not approve of another teacher at my elbow; but I suppose in this case I must submit."

The school was opened in the usual way, and then the classes were formed. There were only four girls present in Miss R——'s class: she marked the class-book, and laid it aside. Another girl entered; no kindly greeting welcomed her, but the teacher raised her eyes, and reproachfully said, "Late again." The class-book was taken up and the "late" mark given: then another girl lounged in. "How very late!" said the teacher.

"Well," replied the girl, sullenly, "I couldn't help it."

The teacher sighed, and then intimated to the visitor that she might begin. "And I do hope you will be attentive," she added to the girls. The tone of her voice was doleful in the extreme, and plainly said, "But I don't expect it."

A few moments' pause until all eyes were upon the new teacher: then she said, "I want to talk to you a little bit; will you talk to me?" No one spoke, but all kept their eyes fixed on her.

"Did you ever hear of a people called Jews?"

"Yes, teacher."

"Did you ever see a Jew?"

"Yes, teacher; there is one comes about here selling pencils; he's an old man, and has a long white beard."

"Have you heard many stories about Jews?"

"None, teacher."

"I have; and a very pretty one about a Jewess."

"That means a female Jew, don't it," asked a girl.

"Quite right; it does. The Jewess I mean was left an orphan at a very early age; but she had a cousin who kindly cherished and cared for her. Not that he could do very much, for he himself was only a captive; he was taken prisoner one day, when there was a great battle, and brought miles and miles away from his own country. But I suppose he had behaved properly, for he held a situation at the palace of the king; and when his uncle died he took the orphan daughter."

"Poor thing! what was her name?" asked one.

"Hadassah."

"Was she dark-skinned, and did she have jet-black hair?" asked another.

Here Miss R—— interrupted by saying, "Mary, I am ashamed of you; don't ask silly questions."

The girl scowled at her, but the visitor replied, "I read the story in a favourite Book of mine, and I think it intimated that she was of a good figure and had a beautiful countenance; I don't know about the hair."

"Is the story in a large book or a little one?"

"It is in this blessed Book," was the reply, as the Bible was held up; "shall we read it?"

"O, teacher!" was the general exclamation, "we did not know there were *such* stories in the Bible."

Interest was now thoroughly awakened, and never had teacher a more attentive audience.

Miss R—— was truly an earnest, godly teacher, but she had no idea of *feeding* the minds of these poor children with "food convenient." She had rigid ideas of propriety and decorum, and thought *a smile* during the time of the lesson

was to be deprecated. But some knowledge of her feelings may be obtained by a conversation which took place a few days afterwards between her and the visitor.

"I was quite interested in your class, Miss R——, and did not consider the girls dull."

"But, Miss L——, you must have thought them *rude*."

"Certainly that late scholar answered you very pertly, otherwise I saw nothing amiss."

"Why, *they talked so much!* I felt quite nervous at the liberty they took; but it was because you were a stranger; they would not have done it *with me*."

"If girls talk more to strangers than to their own teacher, I should like to remain a stranger. My difficulty at home is to get the scholars to talk as much as I should wish."

"Do you, then approve of girls asking questions?"

"Most surely I do; supposing, of course that the questions bear some relation to the subject we are studying."

"But Mary M—— asked you if Esther had jet-black hair; a most extraordinary question for a Sunday-scholar to put."

"Not at all; remember I was telling a tale: the girl had no thought of a Bible-lesson just then; but she wanted to form some idea of the sort of person a young Jewess was; and her question was perfectly natural."

"I think I should be a long time before I could reconcile myself to such an irregular mode of proceeding; but it was kind of you to take the class, and I do not wish to complain."

"My dear, will you let me fairly understand you? Did you not tell me that you could never gain steady attention?"

"Yes; I said I could not do so."

"Did I? or did I not?"

"You did; but to me it seemed very shocking to make those girls look at the Bible as *a mere story book!* I like them to remember that it is the *Holy Bible!*"

"'A *mere* story book!' God forbid I should make it seem that! Do you not remember that I told them Bible-stories had this recommendation above all others, *they were quite true?* for the Spirit of God rested upon the writers, and they could not put down anything but truth. You know, dear, we cannot teach everything in one lesson; but it would be easy by-and-by to show that if Bible-stories are true, Bible promises and Bible threatenings are true, and so proceed step by step."

"Then, should you always take histories for your lessons?"

"No; but you are forgetting that I did not choose the subject last Sunday; it was the lesson for the day."

"True; I wish, though, you had had another sort of lesson. I should like to see if you could interest them with *a dry subject.*"

The visitor looked amused, but replied, "Why, I dare say I should find a story to illustrate the said 'dry subject;' not that I always do this, but I should at present with your class."

"But you will never convert them by stories: O, I do long to have my girls converted! If I could only see them *love the Bible*, and be serious over it, I should have some hope."

"They will be very anxious for the remainder of Esther's story. I shouldn't wonder if you find they have all finished it at home; but, of course, many things in it will need explanation, and the practical lessons drawn out."

"Ah!" said the teacher, with a melancholy sigh, "unfortunately there are no really religious truths to be brought out."

"I beg your pardon, but I differ from you: there seem to be many; for instance, however adverse the circumstances of God's people may appear, He takes care of them, and makes it manifest that—

'Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.'

Again: 'The way of transgressors is hard;' 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' But I must be going: thanks for so patiently listening to me; and, my dear friend, do let me beg of you to relax a little; do not be rigidly exacting in your requirements, but try to *win the affection* of the scholars in your class. You are so much in earnest in your work, that I fully believe you would, in the strength of grace, accomplish much, did you only make the class an attraction, the school a pleasant place, the Bible a Book *to love* as well as reverence."

"Well, really, Miss L——, I will do my best; thank you for showing me so much: but stop; what shall I do if they ask for more stories?"

"Do you think they will venture to ask *you?*"

"I may as well confess, that as we have no set of lessons for the afternoon, I have made up my mind to ask them."

"Well done! I shall be ever thankful I came to ———, if it is only for the benefit your class will receive; it is above everything requisite that our scholars should see that Christianity makes us cheerful and happy."

"Can I tell them of another Jewess?"

"Yes; there are Naomi and Hannah, and Miriam; then Mary, the mother of the Lord; and Elisabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and Mary and Martha of Bethany."

"Dear me, Miss L——; of course we have had lessons on these things; *it must be the way in which we speak about it makes all the difference.*"

And, my dear fellow-labourers, this does make a *difference;* let us speak to the children in a way that will prove to them that we verily believe the truths we teach; let our counte-

nances testify that the love of Christ makes us happy, and "constraineth us" to seek their welfare. Our voices may be full of *tenderness*, but they must not be *doleful;* our eyes may fill with tears of concern, but they must beam with affection; and then we may rest assured that "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."



HOW TO VISIT.

"I DO so much wish to learn how to visit," said Emily Grey; "it seems to me that a Sunday-school teacher needs to know how her scholars are situated at home: I often feel I want to know their parents, and their surroundings; and I fancy I should illustrate my lessons with more effect, if I knew with what objects the children were familiar."

"There is no question about that," replied Mrs. N——, the pastor's wife, with whom Emily Grey was walking home from the Sunday-school in which she had for a few months been a teacher.

"I consider visiting a very important part of the work of a teacher: but how is it, my dear, that with such correct ideas on the subject, you have never yet made the attempt to find the homes of the little girls in your class?"

"I will tell you, ma'am," said Miss Grey; "before I came to live here, I was invited to become a teacher in C—— Sunday-school; I consented, and a copy of 'Rules' was given me. Upon reaching home, I sat down to read them, wishing to impress them on my mind, and not for a moment supposing there would be any difficulty in keeping them. But *one* troubled me, it was this: '*Each teacher is requested to visit his or her scholars in their own homes.*' I did not like it; I was young: my dear mother was far too much of an invalid for me to expect any help from her; so I named my anxiety to a teacher whose class in the school-room was next to mine. She replied, carelessly, 'O! do not make a trouble

of that; very few of the teachers keep that rule.' 'Do you?' I asked. 'Well, Miss Grey, if one of my girls is absent three Sundays, I sometimes call to ascertain the reason; but even then the other children in the class can generally tell me.' I was not satisfied, dear Mrs. N——, so I took the earliest opportunity of asking my father to read the Rules, hoping I should get a little help from him. He read them, and then asked, 'Have you really accepted the office of a teacher, Emily?' I told him I had done so. 'Well,' he remarked, 'these rules are good, perfectly simple and easy, and should in all points be carried out. I trust you will be a faithful and conscientious worker in this department of the Church of Christ.' I ventured to say, 'Miss F—— does not keep the visiting rule.' '*But Miss Grey must*,' was his only reply; and as he then resumed his book, I was silent. Of course I tried to visit, but I met with no encouragement. I was stared at rudely, and spoken to roughly, and utterly failed to win the regard of anybody I visited; even my scholars seemed shy and strange at their own homes; and need I say I very soon ceased to visit, and like the other teachers, quite ignored the rule? I was uncomfortable, but was never asked about it, and so *tried to be at peace*. A few months passed, and great changes took place in our household, and then we came to live down here. How it was I came to the Sunday-school, you know; but you do not know how I feared that a copy of 'Rules' would be given me. I have seen none, but now, more than ever, I long to overcome my dislike of visiting. As I said at first, I wish to learn *How to visit*."

"Jane E—— has asked me to visit her sick brother," said Mrs. N——; "it is rather a long walk, but if you will accompany me to-morrow, I shall be very pleased."

"Thank you much; I shall deem it a privilege."

On the following morning, Mrs. N—— called for Emily

Grey, and the two friends passed through the village street, and entered a quiet country lane. The season was early spring, and all things, above, below, and around, seemed rejoicingly to testify, "The winter is past; . . . the time of the singing of birds is come." Once in the lane, the friends began to chat.

"Emily," said Mrs. N——, "I have thought so much of your failure in visiting, that I determined to tell you a little of my experience in that line. I was younger than you when I began, but then, I had a colleague, and she being much older than myself, was of course the speaker; indeed, I think she would have been very much astonished if I had volunteered a remark. I remember how pained I have sometimes felt at the needless and, as I thought, impertinent questions she used to ask, and also the remarks she made upon the circumstances and habits of the people we visited; she might be kind-hearted, but certainly she had not a kind manner. She was generally received with outward respect, but I have often thought the doors were closed behind her with a great deal of pleasure.

"After a time, I was placed as assistant-teacher in one of the higher classes, and now I visited with my new colleague. This lady was extremely neat and plain in her attire, her voice was soft and gentle, her means of relieving distress seemed abundant, and her willingness equally so. Many were ready to tell her a tale of woe, and eager to receive her bounty, but few, if any, welcomed her pleasantly.

"I tried to solve the riddle, in vain, until at length I noticed that she assumed so much superiority, that her gentle tones savored of self-satisfaction; indeed, her style was too much like the Pharisee when he said, 'God, I thank Thee that *I am not as other men.*' It spoiled everything. I have noted the manner of the people to whom she was talking, and seen that her words caused them to feel angry and irritable,

and I have not wondered, for my own heart was sometimes ready to burst with indignation, and I longed to speak some soothing word. We had one day taken some little delicacy to a sick child, and found the mother in great sorrow. She was thankful for the kindness, she said, 'but she feared it was too late.' 'Ah! well,' was the unsympathetic reply, 'you must bow to God's will!—but there, you are without God!' I could not bear to see the look on that mother's face, and I lingered behind to say, 'I hope the dear little thing will get better.' 'God bless you, Miss!' was the ardent response.

"A few months after I had a class of my own; I did not relish the idea of visiting, and I told a dear Christian friend that I could not believe it right to go into peoples' houses, and ask questions about things that did not concern me; I was sure that poor people must feel it a great nuisance to have ladies looking round. This friend offered to accompany me on my first visit amongst my scholars, and one afternoon we started together; we had not far to walk, and my eight scholars lived very near each other. I had my hand on the latch of a door, and was about to lift it, when my friend stepped forward and knocked. 'This cottage is a *poor man's home*,' she said, 'why should we intrude?' The door was opened by a tidy-looking woman, who looked very cross as she asked, 'What do you please to want?' 'O!' said my friend, 'this lady is teacher to your little girl, and she thought she would like to see her.' 'Thank you, I'm sure,' was the more pleasant rejoinder; 'won't you step inside?' We accepted the invitation; the little girl was called, and told to make a curtsey to her teacher and the lady, and then, with motherly pride, the woman smoothed her child's hair, and said, 'It's well to be you, Sally, and have ladies come to see you.'

"I cannot tell you all that transpired in our eight visits, but will only mention particularly two more. At one house,

the door was opened by a good big girl, who said, 'Mother is not at home.' I inquired for Mary, my little scholar, but was told, 'Mary was too dirty to come;' and at length she shut the door in our faces, muttering, 'We don't want teachers a-bothering us.'

"At the last house, in answer to our knock, some one called out, 'Open the door.' My friend gently opened it, saying, 'May two ladies come in?' 'Yes, if you can; but I am washing, and the place aint much.' We entered, and the woman was about to wipe her hands and leave her work, when my friend said, 'We will not hinder you; I can find seats, and you can keep on while we talk.' 'You are very good,' was the reply, 'I want to get on while baby is asleep.' In getting chairs, my friend had noticed a little pinafore partly made, so producing her thimble, she went on with the needlework while I asked after my scholar. How surprised I was I need not tell you, but I went home feeling I had learned something about visiting.

"But here we are, my dear; Jane E—— said their house was the last in the right-hand corner, and there is an elder-tree in front."

"Do you expect a nice visit, Mrs. N——?"

"Yes, I do; for surely James E—— is a lamb of Christ's fold; we shall only see the brother and sister, as the mother has been dead some years."

As Mrs. N—— said this she opened the wicket-gate, and walked up the little garden-path. Jane came forward to invite the ladies to an inner room. Upon a piece of carpet on the floor, with a cushion under his head, lay a lad of twelve years of age; on one side was a chair, upon which was his Bible and a number of "The Bible-Class Magazine." On the other was a low stool, upon which Jane had been sitting busy with needlework; she was making sheets for the housekeeper at the Hall. Mrs. N—— smiled as she

noted how quickly Miss Grey took needle and cotton from the little work-box, and began to sew at the other end of the long seam. But I must not now give any particulars of this visit, pleasant as it was, but bring my paper to a close by giving you Mrs. N——'s answer to Emily's question, "What is the secret of successful visiting?"

"To answer in one word, it is *sympathy.* Too many people treat the poor as though they were a different order of beings to themselves. My own rules are something like these:—First, *Respect the dwellings of the poor;* their homes are sacred; the use of a door is *to shut out* as well as to shut in; and when I am out, I have no right to go in but by permission. Second, *Be careful of taking up the time of the poor.* To them it is money; or if not that, the husband's comfort depends upon the wife's industry, so I endeavour to pay brief visits, and not to hinder domestic work. Third, *Sympathize with the poor in their temporal difficulties.* I let the mother tell me how father only did three days' work last week; or how hard it is to keep her children decent for the Sunday-school; I encourage her by telling her how well they learn their lessons, and how glad I am that they come regularly. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you begin to visit your own class, Emily. Talk to little Bessie before her mother, and ask her to repeat that verse she learned so nicely; see if Mary can remember anything of the Scripture-Lesson given the previous Sunday; do it all easily and naturally; and gradually you will find your visits will be looked for, and some fine day, when your pupils see you in the street, or crossing the green, you will have the gratification of seeing them scamper in-doors, and hear the joyous cry, 'Mother, mother; *my teacher is coming!*'"

The ladies parted, and the last words were from the junior lady; "Thanks, dear Mrs. N——; if you will help me, and pray for me, by God's grace I will be a Visiting Teacher."

THE TEACHER'S SURPRISE.

"I NEVER heard anything like this before!" said Mary Ann B——, as she came out of a Sunday-school, where, for the first time in her life, she had spent an afternoon.

The exclamation was answered by a girl who was walking closely by her side, and whose name was Hannah J——. "I thought you were a stranger, like myself. I was a bit flurried like; and when I found you were too, I felt better."

"I like it," said Mary Ann, "and mean to come again, please God, and my mistress will let me."

"What made you come to-day?" asked Hannah.

"I can't stop now to tell you, for I've over a mile to go; and must get tea into the parlour soon after five o'clock."

"I've nothing to do, and nowhere to go," said Hannah, "so I will walk with you."

"Thank you! that's friendly. Now I'll tell you. One day last week I had been into the town, and I was going home again, carrying a heavy market-basket, for I mostly gets a pretty good load; but my mistress is not a bad one; and she says, 'Mary, don't get gossipping about in the town; but I don't mind you walking home easy;' so I was trudging on and on, and I knew all the time that there was a lady almost close behind me; I could hear her steps distinctly; and presently I half looked round at her, and she smiled, and said, 'You and I seem to have this road to ourselves.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' I said; 'this time of day there ain't many people about.'

"'Well,' she said, 'if you don't object, we will walk together, for I rather like to have company.'

"I couldn't tell you how it came about, but I told her all about myself; that I had no mother, and my father was a good way off, down in one of the shires. I said I had been eight months maid-of-all-work at the first farm on the right; that my mistress was sharp-like sometimes, but she was very good-hearted; I thought I was pretty well off considering, for mistress had lots to worry her. Then she asked me about my Sundays, and I told her I always went out after dinner, but not to church nor chapel; I went round the farm-meadows, or into some of the labourers' cottages, or perhaps had a talk with the old shepherd; but I always had to be back by five o'clock. Then she told me what she did of Sundays; but it was made up of going to prayer-meetings and Sunday-school and chapel. But this I liked; she said she met a few girls every Sunday afternoon, and they sang and prayed, and read, and she talked to them about many things they found in the Word of God. She had taken a fancy for me to come; and she made it seem so pleasant-like, that I said I'd come; and I do like it; so, as I said before, please God, and my mistress will let me, I'll come again."

"I've known that teacher by sight a good while," said Hannah; "she comes next door to us to see a woman that is sick; and I've had lots of invitations to her class; and last week I felt out of patience, and I said 'I will come *for once;* but no more, mind;' and yet I have been silly enough to promise to go again."

"I am glad," said Mary Ann; "for you and I can be friends; come and meet me next Sunday;" and with mutual assurances of goodwill, the girls parted.

The next Sabbath the teacher's heart was gladdened by seeing both the girls enter the class; and the girls were cheered by the warm welcome they received, and speedily became at home with their class-mates; and as week after week passed, they settled down as regular members of that Bible-class. Mary Ann was always attentive, and apparently interested in all Bible-lessons. Hannah was ofttimes restive and careless, and only very occasionally manifested any regard for the services she attended. The teacher imagined that only friendship with Mary Ann led her to continue amongst them, for the girls' practice was to meet and come in together, and for Hannah also to walk with her chosen companion on the way to the farm.

It was supposed that very serious impressions had been made on the mind of Mary Ann B——; that her heart was opening to the truth, and ere long she would be earnestly inquiring "the way to Zion, with" her "face thitherward."

The teacher was deeply concerned for her; prayed, yea, wrestled mightily with God on her behalf, and sought, by every means in her power, to lead her to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." How easy it is for short-sighted man to make mistakes! how frequently do we find that "God's ways are not as our ways;" but while we in our self-sufficiency are looking here and watching there, expecting to see results from *our work*, He takes the matter into His own hands, and causes us again to acknowledge that "the excellency of the power" is "of God, and not of us." And so it was that while the teacher waited for and expected the words which should tell her that Mary Ann, feeling her soul's deep need, had accepted the Saviour's invitation, and "liberty found in the blood of the Lamb," "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," had shined into the heart of Hannah, and taught her by His Spirit that "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ

Jesus" had made her free from "the law of sin and death," and "that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him should receive remission of sins." The news was communicated to the teacher by letter. With trembling hands, palpitating heart, and flushed cheek, she tore it open, expecting still it was the welcome tidings she had so long anticipated; and just reading "Dear Teacher," she turned the page for a glance at the signature, "Hannah B——." Surprise and disappointment were the first feelings, but these soon give place to deep humiliation and grateful joy, for Hannah had written simply and affectionately,—

"DEAR TEACHER,

"I know you have often thought me giddy and careless; but I now want to ask your forgiveness. I have laughed often, because I was ashamed to cry, and yet my heart ached sadly. But now I am happy! for my sins sent me to Jesus, and I did pray so hard that He would forgive them; but I seemed to grow worse, and my sins looked blacker than ever; then I remembered the hymn you repeated on Sunday,—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.'

I can't remember any more of it, but that was enough. 'Just as I am.' Of course, Jesus knew how bad that was; and if He didn't mind, why should I? And then I remembered about the thief's prayer, and I prayed it; until at last I had such a feeling that I can't describe, only I believe it is what you call 'peace in believing.' Dear teacher, will you write out that hymn for me?"

The meeting of the teacher and her scholars the next Sabbath afternoon was one which we cannot attempt to describe; but Mary Ann B—— was not decided. As far as her teacher

knew anything of her history, she was a conscientious, steady servant; but, alas! she was not fully persuaded to be a Christian. Hannah B—— gave many proofs of the great change that had been wrought in her heart; and years afterwards, in writing to her former teacher, she spoke loving words respecting her old class-mate and friend, and wondered that she could so resist the strivings of the Spirit.

"O loiterer, speed thee! the morn wears apace;
O squander no longer thy remnant of grace;
But haste while there's time; with thy Master agree,
The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee!"



TREASURES.

THERE is an amazing inclination in the human heart to set a high value on little things. Indeed we often esteem valuable articles, less for their intrinsic worth, than for the associations that linger around them. Little things! ah! they are not to be despised as we look at them, or as we recall them. It might be only the warm, affectionate pressure of a hand, but it was when our hearts yearned for sympathy, and that touch spoke it; it was, perchance, only a glance from an expressive eye, but it told its tale, and how we dwell on it! it might be a petition offered in some earnest prayer, but it was for us, and the remembrance is valuable, for it leads us to wait patiently on the Lord, and rest on His promise; or it might be a book brought to cheer a lonely hour, or a bunch of flowers to decorate our sick-room; it might be only "the little word in kindness spoken;" but what matters? The thought manifested, the attention shown, the kind affection of the bestower, ever lives in memory; and many, many a loving thought we send after him, and many a prayer we breathe for rich blessings to rest upon his head.

Then, too, what tokens we keep and reckon amongst our treasures. We should hesitate to expose them to the view of a stranger, who would but smile at our supposed folly, or consider the collecting of such a strange medley the sign of approaching dotage. And yet likely enough he himself has some drawer in his escritoir, or some box in his cabinet, that

contains what to him is inestimably dear, but what to us would be worthless as the dust at our feet. And what makes the difference? It is nothing but the power of association. What memories arise at the sight of these trifles! each has its little history, each brings to recollection some one who formerly moved in our circle, with whom we had daily or occasional intercourse; in whose society we delighted, but who is no longer with us; yet will their names never die, for here is their token.

In these modern days, the fashion extensively prevails of exchanging photographs. This is pleasant; but, after a few earnest looks, (perchance a sigh to the memory of the hours of communion now ceased,) and with a starting tear, we place it in an album, proud and grateful to add it to our "collection," and valuing it for the sake of the giver; yet nobody thinks it a breach of politeness to open our album. But who would presume to unlock our desks, or turn over our drawers? These trifling treasures are more exclusively our own. The likenesses in the album many may recognize; they have seen the same faces, been associated in the same circle, and possibly fancy they have as much real interest in the originals as we have ourselves; but let any one take from our collection this withered spray, and they would scarcely gather from it that it was once a pretty bunch of forget-me-nots; or, if they distinguished that, what would they know of its history? They never saw the laughing, merry child whose tiny hands plucked it, and brought it as a bribe wherewith to coax a story; neither would they know how the little one was "broke by sickness in a day," and ere the flower she plucked had withered, the happy spirit was with the "thousands of children" "around the throne of God in heaven."

But we are not going to display *all* our treasures at present, yet would we linger over one. Can you picture it?

It is a tiny book-marker, bearing only the words, "Jesus wept." The card is spotted and broken, the scarlet silk with which it was worked is faded, the ribbon at the back (once pure white) is now yellow with age, yet is the little thing highly prized. It was the gift of a Sunday-scholar to her teacher; it was the first gift that teacher had so received. She had been labouring in the Master's service for some few years; her affections clinging round the members of her class,—her whole soul in her work,—her heart's desire and prayer was that the children "might be saved." But when —she did not know, she had no expectation of present results; when, one Sabbath-morning, a girl, the most quiet and reserved in the class, one who seldom answered a question, and never volunteered a remark, at the close of the chapel-service, stayed behind the rest of the scholars, and, approaching her teacher, said, "Teacher, don't think it a liberty, but I have made this for you; I did it myself, for, O teacher, I'm so sorry, but I'm going away!" and then a flood of tears checked her utterance.

Controlling her own emotion, the teacher at once made an arrangement for a private interview with her pupil, and for the first and only time was made the confidant of the child's joys and sorrows. The young heart had been touched with the story of the family at Bethany; the love and sympathy of Jesus seemed uppermost in her thoughts: "How very nice to have Him for a friend," she said; and again, "I hope I shall never forget that I may tell Jesus all my troubles; He is such a kind Friend." Then, taking hold of the black dress of her teacher, she added, "I put those words on the marker, because I thought they might sometimes comfort you, and I should be so glad!"

Dear child! the next Sabbath her place in the class was vacant, and against her name in the class-book was written the one word, "Removed." A few Sabbaths passed, and a

new scholar occupied the seat ; a few more, and the page of the class-book was turned over, and the names of the members of the class were re-written ; and, as the secretary handed the teacher her book, it was not without a tear she noticed that the name of "Margaret" was omitted. But the place she filled in her teacher's heart was never occupied by another: against her name there was written, "Cherished!" and amongst the names inscribed on the pages of her memory, that name of "Margaret" has never been omitted ; no, rather "memory has turned it down."

But we must close the treasure-box ; another time more of the histories contained there may be brought to light. To cheer a lonely hour, encourage a fellow-teacher, or comfort a mourner ; and, above all, to glorify God, we would no longer hug them in secret, gratifying ourselves by once and again "bedewing them with tears," or "embalming with sighs," but "to do good and to communicate" would "forget not."



THE WEDDING GARMENT.

When Susan H—— made her first appearance in our Sunday-school, she attracted a great deal of notice. At that time our village girls were more plainly attired than in these days, when the outward appearance is so much thought of, and thus it was that when Susan, with her flounced frock, silk parasol, and a hat with a long white feather, was introduced to a class, and made an elaborate curtsey to her new teacher, all the girls tittered.

"What name, my dear?" asked the teacher.

"Miss H——," was the reply.

Now the tittering became a laugh; but the teacher quietly said, "Your Christian name, my dear?"

"Susan Jane, Ma'am."

"We shall call you Susan, then."

"As you please, Ma'am."

To further inquiries Susan answered readily, and without the awkward shyness one so frequently notices in girls of twelve years of age. The information given to her teacher was as follows: Her father was coachman to a gentleman who had come to spend the summer months in our lovely neighbourhood; Susan was his only child, and she and her mother were in lodgings near; she had been to a large Sunday-school in London, which she liked; and, laying her hand on the shoulder of one of the girls, she added, "This young lady told me of this school."

Again the girls laughed, and a smile flitted across the face

of the teacher, for the "young lady" in question was the daughter of a wood-cutter, had a broad, sunburnt face, and large coarse hands, that had been early used to work, and ever innocent of gloves; and the term "young lady" applied to her was supremely ludicrous. Fortunately, the equanimity of the child's temper was not at all disturbed by the amusement of the class; indeed, it is questionable if in her self-complacency, the thought entered her mind that anybody was laughing at her.

But, preliminaries over, and the Bible opened, it was soon evident that, as regarded mental ability, Susan was far beyond her class-mates: she pronounced her words correctly, and read with expression; she answered questions thoughtfully, and perhaps what is more uncommon, *asked them sensibly.* But even now her manners frequently provoked a smile; when she made a mistake, and her teacher put her right, she would say, "Thank you, Ma'am; I did not know that before."

For several Sundays her "queer ways," as the girls called them, caused considerable mirth, but gradually they became accustomed to them, and by degrees Susan H—— appeared to be less self-conscious, and so all seemed cozy together. But one lovely summer day all this former feeling seemed revived, for Susan came in, dressed in a white frock and cape; and, instead of taking her usual seat, she sat down at the end of a form, saying, in her easy complaisant manner, "I will sit here, if you please, Ma'am, then I shall not crush my dress."

No one objected; but one girl whispered unkindly, "*My* white frock is too good to wear at Sunday-school." The teacher said nothing, for she had learned to speak of a fault to the offender alone, and found it the better way. The subject for the morning lesson was, "The marriage of the king's son," and as an introduction to the parable, the

teacher gave a brief description of an Eastern wedding. The girls were more attentive than usual, but the chief point of interest seemed to be the provision of robes by the king. The teacher asked, if they could imagine why the man in the parable should not have put on the garment provided? There were several answers given at random; but Susan said, "I shouldn't wonder if he had bought new clothes for the occasion, and wanted to show them."

"Look again, Susan, and you will see he had no time for that, *for he was invited from the highway.*"

"O, thank you, Ma'am! I did not notice that before."

"He must have been a beggar, I suppose," said another girl.

"I don't see that," said another; "respectable people use the highway, and it might have been one of them."

"Yes," said the teacher, "that is true; but it would seem that, let the man's garments be what they would, *he was satisfied* with them, and so passed the robing-room, and sat down at the festal board, without a thought of the insult he was offering the king by the rejection of the honour provided for him. Had he done so ignorantly, he might so have pleaded; but when asked the simple question, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?' he was *speechless.*"

That Sunday the minister took the same subject as the teacher, and in forcible language set forth the impossibility of any covering sufficing for a guilty sinner, but the covering of Christ's righteousness; how man would try to find something of his own in which to appear; that to accept and wear the robe of another was virtually to acknowledge himself destitute and naked, etc., so he gathered together the rags of his own righteousness, and imagining his appearance was just as it should be, he wrapped them closely round him, and passed on, never waking up to the enormity

of his guilt until startled by the question, "How camest thou in hither, *not having a wedding garment?*"

The teacher had omitted to make a personal application of the subject; not so the Minister, and it was evident that the earnest closing appeal found its way to the hearts of some of the girls who, for that day at least, had been attentive hearers. In the afternoon, as the teacher walked home, she noticed a group of girls gathered round Susan H——; the white frock seemed to be occupying their attention, and thinking they were merely expressing their girlish admiration of the finery, she would have passed on, but one came towards her saying,—

"Teacher, that great rough Betsy P—— has upset Susan H——, and she is crying so."

The teacher sought an explanation from Susan herself. The girl said, "I beg pardon, Ma'am, perhaps I am silly, but I said to the girls, 'I can't help thinking how strange it is that anybody should refuse a wedding garment, and Betsy said, 'The king would never offer you one when he saw how nice you looked in your white frock.' And, Ma'am," added Susan, "I never felt so bad in my life, and I took my frock and tore it. O, teacher, I am wrong to feel like this; as if I should, after that sermon, think I had any frock better than a wedding garment! O, Ma'am, I won't pass the robing-room!"

Evidently Susan felt bad still, and her teacher seemed at a loss what to say to her; but she quietly proposed walking home with her. Lovingly she tried to soothe her; but, alas! she was not herself in the enjoyment of the full assurance of hope, and therefore was but a poor teacher, now that a soul was awakened to a sense of danger, and longed for the garments of salvation. However, she did her best, and turned down passages in Susan's little Bible, that she might read them at home; and the child grew calmer. Had that

teacher foreseen that she would never again talk with Susan H——, she would have entreated her *then* to accept the offers of mercy, and rest her soul on the Atoning Sacrifice. She would have told her that the Gospel feast was still spread, that she had *that day* received her invitation, and it was her privilege to be at once clothed in the garment provided! All this she thought of afterwards, but this was her first experience. Susan was not at school the next Sabbath, but Betsy P—— brought a note from her.

"DEAR TEACHER,

"We are going into the south of England, and I shall not see you again. My mother sends her duty, and I thank you much for all you have taught me. It is nice to get knowledge, but it will be nicer to get the wedding garment! May you get it, and I hope I shall, and Betsy P——, and all I care for. I shall never forget that nothing I have is good enough for Jesus; but He will give me all I want.

"Your grateful scholar,

"SUSAN H——."

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

THERE was no girl more anxious than Betsy P—— to keep up the numbers in Miss W——'s class. The school-room was very small, and the compartments for the classes were only large enough to hold nine girls; there were three short forms, which were so placed as to make three sides of a square, and the teacher's stool was placed on the fourth side. If this square were not filled, Betsy P—— was fidgetty. For two Sundays the place of Susan H—— was vacant, and on the second Sunday, in her unceremonious manner Betsy said, "This won't do; if nobody else can bring a scholar, I must." Accordingly, the next Sabbath Betsy came, bringing with her a delicate-looking little girl. She arrived early, but her teacher was already there. Betsy gave her a nod, and passed the class, and went up to the superintendent's desk. Anybody taking notice of her, would not wonder that her classmates so often called her "that great rough Betsy P——."

"This is a new girl for Miss W——'s class," said Betsy.

The superintendent asked a few questions, entered the child's name, age, and residence, and then hesitated as to whether to place her in the class indicated, or in a lower one. Betsy saw no cause for hesitation, and bluntly said, "Why! I brought her for that class! Says I, 'Agnes F——, you come with me to Sunday-school, and you shall come into my class, for a right good teacher I've got;' and she'll get on, Sir, be sure of that;" and then, turning to the child, she added, "Come on, Aggy, it's all right."

The superintendent kindly allowed the question to be so settled, and the teacher welcomed the pale child, whose large earnest eyes seemed to crave for sympathy, and who nestled up to Betsy, as if from her she expected protection. Very shy and timid was Agnes, but Betsy spoke for her.

"They have only lately come to live next door to us. Agnes' father is at work for my father's master, and as he had an empty cottage he let them go in, but not a stick have they got, poor wretches, only my mother has lent them a bit."

"How many children?" asked the teacher.

"Only one besides Agnes; her name is Sarah."

"Could she not come to school likewise?" said Miss W——.

Betsy shrugged her shoulders, and laughingly replied, "Ah! but I haven't got another hat," and then it was seen that Betsy had herself worn an old hat, and the usual Sunday hat was worn by Agnes. So resolved had the girl been that the vacant place in the class should be filled, and so had her heart warmed to her poor neighbours, that she thought little of this act of self-denial, but would have given or lent anything she possessed. "My frocks," she said, "were too big, but I mended this one last night, and I'm sure she's tidy." Then passing her arm caressingly round the child's waist, she said to her, "Teacher won't want you to read to-day, if you don't like, because, you know, you are not used to us."

Here again Betsy gained her point; but if Agnes did not use her tongue, she did use her eyes and her ears. The story of the man at the pool of Bethesda seemed to possess for her entrancing interest, and when the lesson was over, with pleading tones she said, "O dear! O dear! I want it again!"

"Betsy P—— is so kind to you," said the teacher, "I am sure she will tell it you."

In the course of the following week, Miss W—— found out the mother of Agnes F——, and arranged that both the little girls should come to school, and she would provide hats and jackets, so that Betsy need not again practice the self-denial of the previous Sunday.

"It was so good of her," said Mrs. F——; "if she would only have lent Aggy the old hat it would have been kind, but she would make her have the other."

"Now, just you look here," said Betsy, who had accompanied her teacher into the cottage; "I put that old hat on Aggy's head, and it looked shabby, and I should have seen it all along; but when I clapped it on my own head, it was out of sight and out of mind, so I had the best of it if I was a guy."

Now poor little Agnes came up to the teacher, and looking earnestly in her face, pleaded, "Tell mother about the good Man that cured the sick man."

"I'll fetch a chair from our house," said Betsy, "and perhaps you will talk a bit, for that child won't rest; I've read it to her every day, but I'm no hand at making it plain."

The request was willingly complied with, and after giving the simple narrative, Miss W—— spoke of the sinner's utter want of power to contribute anything towards the cure of the disease of sin, which so affected him, that "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint;" and then she spoke of the infinite compassion, love, and merits of Jesus, the sinner's Friend! Of His willingness and ability to save "to the uttermost." The small audience in that lowly dwelling were all visibly affected, but none equally so with the little Agnes; her cheek flushed with excitement, her eyes were fixed upon the speaker, her hands clasped with intense feeling; and as soon as the voice ceased, she exclaimed, "O,

please, I want it again!" Again did Miss W—— tell the story, and this time "slowly," that the child might

"Take it in,
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin."

And then, in a few words of prayer, she commended the family to the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

For days, the remembrance of the eager, hungry eyes of that child haunted Miss W——; and when she went to her class on the Sabbath morning, it was with a secret fear that she should not see Agnes F——. But she came, looking more fragile and weary than before: and yet her eye glistened brightly as the teacher warmly welcomed her. Betsy had also brought the other child, and walked up with her to the desk to have her name entered. The superintendent smilingly asked, "Is this child for Miss W——'s class?"

"O! I don't know, Sir," said Betsy; "she can do anywhere; it isn't like that other poor little mite." Then, with a saucy laugh, she added, "If you do let her come, we'll sit close and make room for her."

"Agnes does not look fit to be here," remarked the teacher, as Betsy took her place.

"Bless you," was the reply, "she wanted so to come; so I got out our baby's perambulator, and we brought her in that; we've left the thing with Dame B—— till we go home."

To-day the lesson was the woman who wanted to touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, and never will the teacher forget the dear child's eagerness to understand it.

"Was it only the border?" she asked; and taking hold of the hem of her own frock, she held it up. "Here, teacher, was it like this? did she take hold of it like this, and get well? O, dear! tell it again!" And again was Agnes told how Jesus will heal all who come to Him; that a word, a

look, a touch, may bring life and salvation to the soul that believeth.

Agnes did not come in the afternoon, and Betsy said that her mother had asked the parish doctor to see Agnes, and that he said she would not get much worse, but *she'd just die;* "and it's my belief it will be very soon," added Betsy. So thought Miss W—— ; and the first hour she could spare from her daily duties, she was at the child's home. Betsy's mother had again been kind, and a comfortable couch had been arranged for the child, by which Betsy sat, with her baby brother on her lap. Aggy was reclining, but started up with joy beaming in her eyes, and exclaimed, "O, teacher! I've learned it, Betsy teached me;" and then, with much expression, she repeated that favourite hymn of so many children,—

"I think when I hear that sweet story of old," etc.

When she had finished, she lay back on her pillow exhausted, and Miss W—— talked quietly to the mother and Betsy. Presently Agnes spoke in low, murmuring tones; her eyes were closed; she was telling herself the only Bible stories of which she had any knowledge. "A poor man was bad all over. He couldn't get into the water that could have cured him; and then came along kind Jesus, and He said, 'Will you be made well?' and the man said, 'Yes;' and Jesus *made him well by Himself*, without the pool of water. And so I am a poor sinner, *every bit bad;* and Jesus says, 'Will you be made good?' and I says, 'Yes, Jesus, I want to be;' and He opens His arms wide, and says, 'Come unto Me;' and He takes me, and *makes me good by Himself*—He washes me!" There was a pause, and then Agnes looked up and asked, "Betsy, did lots of people go after Him?"

"Yes, my pet!" answered Betsy, whose roughness seemed all gone, and down whose cheeks tears were streaming; "everybody almost went."

Again Agnes went on: "Everybody went after Him; and one poor sick woman, who wanted Him badly, could not get to Him. The people pushed, and she pushed; and at last she got hold of *the least little bit of His coat*, and she was well. And I, little sick Aggy, just want a little bit of Jesus; but nobody pushes me, and I don't push. Jesus says, 'Come unto Me!' and He opens His arms wide, and *makes me good by Himself*—He washes me!"

Miss W—— felt quite unable to add anything to the teaching that child had received of the Spirit; so after prayer, she pressed a kiss on the pallid brow, and took her leave. For a moment the eyes opened, and the lips murmured—

"I wish that *His* hands had been placed on my head!" It was evidently "Jesus only" who was in the child's thoughts. How the teacher's heart yearned over the little one who had been so providentially brought to hear from her lips the news of the love of Jesus! Two Sabbaths only in the Sunday-school class; the next—

> "In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
> For all who are washed and forgiven."

Very gracious was the impression made on the mind of Betsy P——; and she told her teacher, "Aggy gave me the hat and jacket, and said I was to find another girl for your class, and let her wear them; and, please God, so I will."

And well Betsy P—— kept her promise, and who can estimate the amount of good that will have been accomplished through the instrumentality of that one Sunday-scholar! How many little ones will bless her memory! Who will look out for a new scholar?

> "For thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
> Never heard of that heavenly home;
> I should like them to know there is room for them all,
> And that Jesus has bid them to come."



"THINGS SEEN AND THINGS NOT SEEN."

For many consecutive Sabbaths Miss W——'s class in the village Sunday-school had been quite full; "more than full," said Mr. J——, the superintendent; "for, indeed, Miss W——, the class-compartments were only intended for nine girls, whereas you have *ten* on your class-list, and generally speaking they are all here."

"In the afternoon only," replied Miss W——.

The good man fidgetted and fumed, and looked quite warm himself as he surveyed the crowded class, and then cast his eyes towards the lower compartment, which contained but six girls, and had the additional advantage of being sheltered from the direct rays of the sun. Presently, with his most benignant look, and in his most courteous tones, he said,—

"I suppose there is no one here who will volunteer to go into a lower class; I can scarcely expect it."

Miss W—— ventured to remark, "I do not think, Sir, that the girls sit uncomfortably."

"O, no, indeed!" exclaimed several girls; and Betsy P—— added, "but we do want a bigger place."

"Yes," replied Mr. J——, musingly; "but I can't see what is to be done."

"I can," said Betsy, abruptly; "I can see it as plain as a hop-pole."

Everybody laughed, for by this time it was well understood that Betsy P—— would speak her mind.

"Hush, Betsy!" said her teacher; but the superintendent, looking amused, asked,—

"How would you manage it, Betsy?"

"Look at them boys, Sir," she replied; "they are not cooped up in a three times three: they've got a pretty big slice of the school-room, I'm thinking."

"O! but, Betsy, you do not surely covet your neighbour's compartment?"

"No, Sir; only a bit of it," returned Betsy. "Just look here, Sir," and Betsy jumped up from her seat; "you see, if this form was unfastened and put farther along, we should have *more* room, and the boys *less*."

There was no reply, so Betsy added, "Shall I ask my father to come and do it? he'd do it in a minute."

Mr. J—— stood as if bewildered, and again Betsy spoke.

"If we might but have room for six on our back form!"

"But that would be twelve seats," said Rachel B——; "we've only got ten girls."

"Stupid!" exclaimed Betsy, "could'nt we get two more? I could, pretty soon."

But Mr. J—— now apologized to Miss W—— for having so long occupied her time; and then looking kindly at Betsy, he said,—

"We will certainly see what can be done to get *you* a more comfortable seat."

The *you* was specially emphasized, for Betsy P—— was the fourth girl in the class, and consequently was sitting partly on the first form, and partly on the second; (or, as she used to say of herself, "sitting on the join;") and not being very small, was really the girl most to be pitied. But what did Betsy care? If only there was a full class, she was happy. There were two things in which it was impossible to shake Betsy's belief; one was, that she had "a right good teacher, the best that ever walked;" and the other,

that all girls in the school were to be pitied if they were not in the same class as herself.

"I do like Annie G——," said a class-mate one day; "don't you, Betsy P—— ?"

"Well, yes;" said Betsy, in hesitating tones; "but, poor thing! she wants to be with our teacher a bit."

Betsy did not believe in compartments, and had no idea of "economizing space," a phrase which was often in the mouth of the Secretary, and which Betsy always heard impatiently. "Whoever wants to do that with space?" she would ask; "fill up space, I say."

However, the joy of Betsy was intense when on the next Sabbath, after the usual opening exercises of the school, Mr. J—— requested Miss W——, with her class, to follow him into the chapel. They did so; and he opened the door of a large square pew, saying,—

"I have obtained permission for you to use this pew; it will, at all events, give you plenty of room for your present number; and if Betsy can bring the two more she talked about, the next pew is at your service."

It was a sight to see Betsy's broad face lighted up with smiles, and her mischievous eyes dancing with gladness, while her ready tongue exclaimed,—

"O, my! a pew is better than a compartment. I thank you over and over, Mr. J——." Then, with a sense of propriety which would have been lacking in many of more refined bearing, she put the hassocks outside the pew, saying, "We won't kick these to pieces, but put the place tidy-like when we go out of it."

And so Miss W—— and her class were installed in their "bigger place," and many months of pleasant and profitable Sabbath readings they had together. The two new scholars Betsy had promised were brought the first afternoon, and the second pew was taken possession of in consequence. On

the sixth Sunday, quiet little Mary W—— came in, accompanied by a tall, bashful girl, who seemed in a state of painful confusion. Mary went close to her teacher, and said,—

"Will you let Sally G—— come into your class for once, perhaps she may never come again?"

Thus appealed to, Miss W—— welcomed the new-comer, and without troubling her with questions, invited her to a seat by her side. The girls in turn repeated the text on their Scripture-ticket, and Sally listened attentively. Presently, Mary W—— stood up, and repeated, "Set your affection on things above; not on things on the earth;" and then, with much nervous embarrassment, added, "Sally is come to know the meaning of that text."

The teacher told them that in the margin of her Bible she had the word "*mind*," which might be a more exact rendering of the original language; if so, it would read, "Set your mind on things above:" and all of them understood what it was to set their minds upon any thing.

"O! yes," said one; "it means we want it very much."

"And cannot be satisfied without it," said another.

"And will have it, if possible," said a third.

Miss W—— then remarked, "There are some things we set our minds upon, and we take a great deal of trouble to obtain them, and perhaps spend time, strength, and money; and when we have succeeded in gaining our fancied treasures, they disappoint our expectations, they are not worth what we have given for them; either they have no value in themselves, or they speedily slip from our grasp. What sort of things do I mean?"

Various were the replies given. "Health; friendship; clothes; pictures; pleasures; houses; lands," etc.

"Yes," said the teacher, "all these things may be numbered among 'things on earth;' and the Apostle says we are *not* to set our minds on them; but 'the things above' should

have our care, attention, or 'affection.' What would you take those things to be?"

"I suppose," said one, speaking without thought, "the sun, moon, and stars, and such like."

"No, indeed!" said Betsy P—— ; "what would be the good? we could never have them."

"What do you think they are, Betsy?" asked her teacher.

"I'm no hand at telling," said Betsy; "but I can find a text, if I may."

Permission being granted, Betsy read, "'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,'" etc. (Matt. vi. 19—21.) "And so," she concluded, "it is something that can't be spoiled, and can't be stolen, and it's 'in heaven.'"

Miss W—— said, "I wish you would name some of these things; I will tell you how to make a distinction. 'Things on the earth' are seen and temporal; 'things above' are 'not seen and eternal.'"

"But," said Sally G——, "how can we set our minds on them, if we have never seen them?"

"Did you ever set your mind very much upon anything, Sally?"

"Now, Ma'am," said Sally, blushing rosy red, "that ain't a fair question."

Miss W—— was startled, but immediately apologized to her strange pupil, and assured her she had no wish to pry into secrets, so would try another method to explain the text.

"A few months ago, there was in this class a very intelligent orphan girl; she had plenty of time at her own disposal, and she read sensible and useful books. She knew that when she grew older, she would be expected to go into domestic service; and, having read much about the Australian colonies, she set her mind upon going there. Now, mark, she had never seen Australia; she knew nobody who

had been there, nobody who lived there; but so bent all her energies to put things in train for a voyage there, that her friends at length promised to assist her. I myself advertised for her in 'The Times' newspaper, stating she would take service with any lady who was going out. I need not enter into more particulars; most of you know all about her. She sailed; yet it was all a matter of *faith*. She had never seen a ship, never gazed on the broad ocean, and only twice saw the lady to whom she engaged herself. Sally, how could she set her mind upon a place she had never seen?"

"Well, Ma'am," said Sally, readily; "I know what you mean; she had read all about it, and believed it, and the place struck her fancy."

"It is possible, then, to set our minds upon things 'not seen,' only supposing we believe those things to be real and desirable. Now, again: what are these 'things which are above?'"

"'Things above!' 'things above!'" said one; "why, there is the white robe, and the harp, and the crown."

"And the place Jesus has prepared," said little Mary.

"And the society of the redeemed," said an elder girl; "and chiefly, being able to 'see the King in His beauty,' and dwelling with Him for ever."

Then their teacher told them of the holiness of heaven; how nothing could enter that defileth; how the white robes worn there *were washed here;* and that the new song played and sung there was first learned here; and if they "set their minds" upon reaching heaven, the very first thing they must do was to ask God to help them to forsake sin; they must accept God's offer of pardon for sin through Jesus Christ. Sin was the cause of all pain and misery; but "the iniquity of sin was laid upon Jesus;" He bore the penalty of sin, and by His death had purchased salvation for all

who believe. The lesson was closed by an affectionate proposal that all should from that day "set their minds upon things above."

That was not the last time Sally G—— came to the Sunday-school; but although, as the children said, she was "a woman grown," whenever opportunity offered, she was found by the side of Miss W——; and when, in the order of Providence, the teacher's connection with the school closed, she had reason to believe that "the things not seen" had won the "affection" of her young friend, and that she was eagerly desiring "a better country, that is an heavenly," and striving to "lay aside every weight," and "run with patience the race" set before her, "looking unto Jesus."





"IS IT BENEATH YOU?"

"ARE you ready to go to Sunday-school, Mary?" asked Betsy P——, as she opened the door of the cottage next to the one in which she herself resided.

"Yes, Betsy," was the reply; "I am coming directly;" and Mary, who was all ready for a start, came out and closed the door behind her.

"O, Betsy! I want to have a talk with you to-day," she said.

"Don't we always talk?" asked Betsy; "my mother says it is downright marvellous what we girls find to talk about. Whenever there's a chance, we are at it over the garden hedge; and even when we have walked to school and back together, we stop at the door to have our last words. I believe mother thinks girls never talked so much when she was young; but I dare say she forgets."

"Well, Betsy," said Mary, "there's always something happening, and why shouldn't we talk about it? but to-day I want to talk about myself."

"Indeed!" replied Betsy, with a shrug of her broad shoulders, and a twinkle of her mischievous eyes; "that is an important subject."

"Yes it is, Betsy," said Mary, with great earnestness; "do you know, last night my father said it was time I looked out for something for myself, and mother asked him what he meant, and he said, 'Why, she must get a place!' Only think of that, Betsy!"

"Nothing so very dreadful," said Betsy, with great unconcern.

"But I am the only girl, and mother did not mean me to go to service; but I was to be a dressmaker. I was to go to Mrs. R—— to learn, and then I could come home at night."

"Did you tell your father so?" asked Betsy.

"Mother did, and he went into a passion, and said it was not so respectable as service, and I *should* be a servant, or his name was not Charles G——."

"What did *you* say about it, Mary?"

"I cried, and said *it was beneath me;* I didn't want to be general slavey to the greengrocer's children, or to wait upon butchers' boys."

"O, Mary!" said Betsy, indignantly; "that was not at all sensible; why should you not be a servant? *Beneath you, indeed!* Just as though a dressmaker's apprentice is not a servant, and a pretty hard-worked one, too!"

"But, Betsy, she is not looked upon as a servant, and she is called 'Miss.'"

"Ah, I forgot that!" said Betsy, sarcastically; "to be sure that *is* an advantage. Are there any more, Mary? I beg your pardon; *Miss* G——, I mean."

"I shall have a good deal of time to myself."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Betsy.

Without heeding the interruption, Mary continued: "And I can *dress* as I like! the smarter I am, the better they will like it."

"Shall you earn enough to pay for finery?" asked Betsy.

"Not at first, of course, but mother would not mind that, she would manage my clothes till I had served my time."

"Well, I never!" murmured Betsy: "go out in the morning, and come home to dinner; go out in the afternoon, and come home to tea; go out again, and come home to sleep, and your mother feed you, lodge you, and clothe you, and

you never do a hand's turn for her, although there's your father and three boys to see to! *I should think that beneath me.*"

"What a queer girl you are, Betsy P——."

"Yes, I am, *Miss* G——. I am queer enough to say that if I had my choice, I would rather be a respectable servant than the finest *young-lady* apprentice in the world."

"You are so different, Betsy; you don't look fit for nice work."

Betsy laughed merrily, and spreading out her broad right hand she said, "No, I don't fancy this hand with a very tiny needle in it; or *this*," spreading out her left, "holding a lady's delicate muslin, and then people calling me 'this young lady!'"

"I am rather proud of my hands," replied Mary, pulling off a glove, and showing her right hand. It was a contrast to Betsy's, and as the two were held together, both girls seemed amused, and with an air of great satisfaction Mary said, "You see, my hands were not made for hard work, only for some *genteel* employment."

"I don't see any such thing, *Miss* G——," returned Betsy; "I see they haven't done any, more shame to them! but there," she added, "what matters whether our hands are white or red, coarse or fine, large or small, so long as they are willing to labour in the state of life to which it shall please God to call us."

"But are we never to better ourselves?" asked Mary, captiously.

"Yes, if we can honestly. I remember our home when winter after winter we have been short of food and of firing; but the last two years I have done all the work at home, and mother has been out earning money, and so *we have bettered ourselves.* Last winter there was no real want in our house, and we had as happy a Christmas as ever anybody had. My

father and mother both said it was because I had kept the home right, the washing done, and the clothes mended, and so mother kept her work. My brother George said I made better puddings than mother. I say, Mary, I was *proud of my hands* then."

"My mother says you are shamefully hard worked," said Mary; but they had reached the school, and there was no more time for talking.

The lesson for the day was the history of Naaman; and after the class-teaching, the Minister gave an address upon the character of the little maid who waited on Naaman's wife. He spoke of the hint she gave respecting the prophet in her own country, and said it was but *a seed* of truth dropped in an unlikely place, and by one who in that large household might be deemed of little account, yet it did its work; and if Naaman returned to Syria with his body healed and his soul saved, it was because that little servant girl had unhesitatingly expressed her childish convictions—perhaps not very clearly, but the Lord caused the word to prosper.

The Minister then said that he had heard girls say, "*I* have no influence, I am only a servant girl!" And he endeavoured to show that, however lowly the condition of those before him, they would and must exercise an influence, either for good or evil, upon all those with whom they were associated. "Some of you," he said, "will be servants, some dressmakers, some milliners; some of you will for many years yet have to labour at home, but whether in the home, the shop, the work-room, or the kitchen, *drop the seeds of truth* as opportunity offers.

"God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

Though the rich and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber."

On leaving the school, those girls who had been interested in the address began to talk about it.

"I wish I had been that little servant," said one girl, "but in a great house like that I should be afraid to speak."

"I shouldn't think," said Mary G——, "that they treated her like a servant after that."

"And why not?" said Betsy P——; "her position was not altered; but *she was a brick*, and no mistake; *she* did her duty in the state of life to which God had called her."

"God did not call her to be a slave," said one girl.

"Yes, He did," said Betsy; then turning to her teacher, who was walking just behind her, she added, "at least *I* think so."

"God *permitted* her to be taken captive," was the reply, "and doubtless it was part of the providential design, in order to bring the rich Syrian to the knowledge of Himself."

"But," said Mary G——, "the little maid ought to have been rewarded."

"Probably she was," said the teacher, "but that is unimportant; the lesson for us would be, that wherever or whoever we serve, or in whatsoever capacity, it should be with 'singleness of heart, as unto Christ; . . . with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men.' But goodbye, girls; all of you read at home Ephesians vi. 5—8."

Betsy P—— soon opened her Bible, but no one else seemed anxious to know what the passage was, so Betsy read it to herself, and then murmured, "Ah, I see! the little bond-servant would *receive of the Lord*, even if her master forgot her."

They were nearly home before Betsy and Mary were

alone together, and then Mary abruptly asked, "Betsy, then you really think it is *not beneath me* to go to service?"

"Beneath you, indeed!" said Betsy, "la! Mary, you make me sick. It is a great thing to be a faithful servant. I was just thinking it was well for Naaman that he had faithful servants, for you know his coachman and footman must have been a good sort; they told him the truth."

"That has nothing to do with my question; you know the Minister said, 'Some of *you* will be dressmakers.'"

"But he did not say Mary G—— would. I tell you what it is, if I were you, I would begin this very evening to help my mother, get the tea for her, and then say, 'If I mind baby, will you go to chapel, mother?' and to-morrow morning look out to help all you can; and perhaps your father will say, 'So long as Polly helps at home, I don't care about your sending her to service.'"

"I am afraid not," said Mary, with a sigh.

"Then I would be a *good* servant," said Betsy. "The other day Lord H—— was going round the fields with my father's master, and the master said, 'This is John P——, your lordship, an old and faithful servant of mine.' Didn't my father come home proud! I guess he didn't think it beneath him to be a servant."

"Ah, Betsy, I shall never make up my mind to it; I want my liberty."

"Liberty, girl! you learn the dressmaking, then, and by and by *I* will employ you; and you know, Mary, *then* you will be *my* servant, in *my* employ, and *I shall pay your wages.* How will that suit? the genteel Mary G——, servant to that great rough Betsy P——!"

The girls each followed their own bent, and if any would wish to know what became of them, I would state that Mary was, after all, a tolerable hand at her trade, but she married

while very young, and now often regrets that she does not understand how to make home comfortable; on the other hand, Betsy, after helping to train her young brothers and sisters, got a situation as kitchen-maid; after a few years she became cook; and then when a younger sister died and left two babes, Betsy hesitated not, but at once gave up her place, and went to bless the home of her late sister; "for," she said to her mistress, "it was for all the world as if I heard a Voice say, 'Take them, and *nurse them for Me!*' and I think it was the Holy Spirit's voice."

And so do I, my dear young friends; and I think, too, that Betsy P—— will be a faithful soldier and *servant* of the Lord Jesus Christ unto her life's end. I should like to give a conversation she had with her former teacher upon this subject, but it is too late now; it may come another time, with other reminiscences of my friend Betsy P——.

JAMES ELLIOTT, OR, THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

"'In My Father's house are many mansions!' Many mansions! I wonder sometimes why Jesus said that. Many mansions in one house! I am not sure that I like the idea; it seems to separate the dwellers one from another." It was James Elliott who thus spoke; he was apparently—

> "Nearing the Father's house
> Where the many mansions be;"

and the lady who visited him had been reading the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John.

"It cannot imply anything like separation," she replied; "perhaps the general idea we have of a mansion is not the best to explain what the Saviour says. It is not a building apart, that you must think of, so much as a room in the same house. The dwellers are of one family; but each retains its individuality, and each necessarily requires his own place in the house. This order ensures union. Yes, James; it is '*a place for you*' that is being prepared, and whatever the number of the dwellers in the house, that place will be yours still."

"Yes, ma'am, so it will," said James; "and now I want to say something else; I hope it is not wicked: do you know, I always wish it was something about a mother in what Jesus said."

"Do you mind telling me why?" asked the visitor.

"No, ma'am, I don't mind to you; it is because I like to

think of heaven as a home; and our house has never been like a home since my mother died. Father is kind and steady, but O! my mother was the light of the home."

"Yes, I understand, James; but it was your father's house! Now, you see Jesus the loving Saviour says, 'In My Father's house;' and then again, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' You have now in your mind the idea of heaven as a home; and it is a sweet idea, for there is no earthly love so pure as home-love; the most perfect earthly happiness we enjoy is that of childhood, and its remembrances are always precious. You, James, once had a mother's care—a mother's tender love and unchanging affection, but the love that flows from the heart of Jesus is deeper, fuller, more satisfying: when you understand that love, you will have nothing more to desire."

"Go on, please, ma'am. I like to hear you talk."

"The love of a mother is something very holy and fervent; and the Scripture recognizes it as such, for said the Lord to His chosen people by the mouth of the Prophet, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'"

"I like that verse, Mrs. N——, and very often think of it; nobody knows better than I do what it is to miss a mother. Jane does all she can, and is so good to me," he continued, turning a loving glance to his sister, who sat by, busily sewing; "but after all, it is not mother, and Jane won't mind my saying that."

"No, Jem," said his sister, as the tears dimmed her eyes, "mother's place can never be filled."

"Just so," said the visitor; "but if her place here is vacant, her prepared place is occupied; and our places are waiting: 'God having provided some better thing for us.' The home-love will be renewed, or rather *continued*, but with this difference—it will be perfected. The light of the home

will not be missing, for remember, James, of the house above it is written, 'The Lamb is the light thereof.'"

"O, yes! it will be all right," said James; "and don't you think it is very wonderful that Jesus wants us, and says He will come for us? When I was a very little boy, I used to think how fine it would be to have a host of angels to take my spirit home; but in the chapter you read, ma'am, He says He will come for me! It is *too much love! too much!*"

There was a pause; all were lost in admiration of the abounding love of Jesus. James was the first to speak again.

"Well, yes! I think I shall like the term, 'my Father's house,' better now; for I shall think of it as the home of the family; and of Jesus as 'the *Light* of the home;' and of the vacant places in the home there that will have to be filled from the homes here; and I wonder how near to my own mother I shall be."

The last words were said dreamily, and now James had evidently dropped asleep, so Mrs. N—— talked quietly to Jane for a few minutes, and then commended the little family in prayer to God; but the voice of prayer aroused the boy, and when it was closed, he said, "Please, ma'am, give me a verse to think about."

"Yes, James, I will give you a conclusion that the Psalmist once came to: 'As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.'" The ladies now departed, and the brother and sister were left in their cottage.

* * * * *

"The Elliotts are going to remove to-morrow," said Mrs. N—— to Miss G——, as they came out of school one Sabbath afternoon: "I have a great desire to see James once more; will you walk there with me this evening?"

"Yes, to be sure I will," was the reply; "but yet you astonish me, Mrs. N——; can James Elliott bear any removal except the last,

> 'From the suffering church beneath,
> To a reigning Church above?'"

"When we last visited him," said Mrs. N——, "I thought him 'nearing the Father's house,' but I understand that he is apparently much better."

"I suppose in his state," returned Miss G——, "we must not think very much of appearances; it may be that he is 'nearer home' than we think."

When the two ladies had paid their first visit to the cottage of their Sunday scholars, the time was early spring; and now they were about to pay their last visit, the summer foliage was putting on the glorious tints of autumn. Still, the country was delightful, and there was plenty of evening-time in which our friends could enjoy their walk to the Green. They hoped to find the father with his children, and were not disappointed. The group was seated in the little front garden, under the shade of the elder-tree: Jane was on one side of her father's chair, reading aloud from her New Testament; James had a low stool on the other side, and was resting his head on his father's knee, while he gazed into his face, as if watching the effect of the holy words. As Mrs. N—— and her young friend paused at the wicket-gate, the clear, distinct tones of Jane's voice reached their ears. She was reading, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe."

But her father had seen the approach of the visitors, and he now laid his hand on Jane's book, with a monitory "Hush!"

Jane immediately arose, and would have led her visitors

into the cottage, but Mrs. N—— took the seat Jane vacated; and Miss G—— sat down on the grass, inviting Jane to do the same.

Mrs. N—— told the little party with what sorrow she had heard of their contemplated removal from their present abode, and wished to know what circumstances had led to the change.

Elliott told her that when he married he had as nice a little wife as ever man was blessed with; she was at the time living as housemaid in the family of a widow lady at D——, in Surrey. The lady was sorry to part with her, and behaved handsomely; and he took his wife to his native village, and for several years everything prospered with them. During this time both his children were born, and they never knew what want was.

But reverses came; he himself was stricken with rheumatic fever, and for fifteen months did not do a stroke of work. All their little savings were spent, and his wife went out to washing, or anything she could get to do, in order to maintain the family. When she was at home, she laboured incessantly at her needle, but the unusual strain was injurious to her health, and before the father could go to work, a rapid decline took away the wife and mother. A letter which she had written to her old mistress, and in which she had mentioned her troubles, received no answer; "and I thought and said, we were forsaken of God and man. These were trying times, ma'am," said the poor fellow, "and hard to bear. But my wife always said, 'It is all right, James; the Lord will not forsake us. He has promised bread and water, so of that we are sure.' But I could not be satisfied with the Lord's dealings.

"In my time of prosperity I thought I was a Christian, but now every feeling was embittered, and I have many times felt disposed to be angry when I have heard the mother

talking to Jenny and Jem about the love of Jesus, and the tender care of God our Father; and it has only been because I would not grieve her dear soul, that I have not given way to my wickedness, and cursed God. Ah!" he added, with a deep sigh, "but I did it in my heart."

"Well, ma'am, to make a long story short, as soon as I could get about I found that *my place was gone*, and I must tramp about to find employment. We moved from one place to another, as I got a job for a few weeks; but it didn't suit Jem, and he pined and pined, and always seemed to want a home. He missed his mother, poor lad, and nobody ever got hold of him as she did, till we came here. Now he likes his Sunday-school friends, and the books he gets from the Library; but I think, too, he is pleased to go."

"But you have not told me where you are going," said Mrs. N——.

"True, Ma'am; I forgot you didn't know. Last month came a letter for my poor wife, and I found it was from her old mistress, who had been travelling about for five years, but wrote to offer her to come and live in the Lodge, and myself the situation of gardener. The moment I got the letter, I answered it. I told the lady that my dear woman was gone home to heaven, but please she would have me, I would like to come and serve her. I just told her Jenny was a tidy little housekeeper, and that poor James was sick. And now, Ma'am, we have a letter to say we are to go and live at the Lodge. Jane is to mind the gate, and take charge of a poultry-yard, and Jem will be delighted to help her; and I'm in hopes, Ma'am, he'll pick up a bit, and get better with the change."

Mrs. N—— and Mrs. G—— cordially congratulated the family upon the prospect of comfort which was before them; and then took the Testament from Jane's hand, and turning to the twentieth chapter of John's Gospel, finished the reading which their arrival had interrupted.

"Thank you, Ma'am," said Elliott; "my boy chose that chapter because he wanted to make me see that all my past unbelief will not make the Saviour cast me off. I see Thomas and I were a good deal alike; he satisfied his touch and his sight, and then believed. I've had many hard thoughts indeed, ladies; sometimes I've thought the Lord was dead set against me; and it wouldn't seem right in me, because things have turned in my favour, to pretend that I have trusted or do trust."

"What is your feeling, then, my good man?" asked Mrs. N——.

"Well, Ma'am it's hard to put it into words: I'm ashamed that I have been so angry like, and resented my lot, and yet I am so thankful for this good providence, that were it not for fear I should forget my vow, I could fall on my knees, and promise God I would never, never distrust Him more."

"Do not be afraid to express your feelings to Him as freely as you do to me; tell Him of your present gratitude; of your shame and self-condemnation for the past; and of your sense of weakness and inability to keep a good resolution; but then plead with Him that He will give you His Holy Spirit to help you, for without this you will soon lose all the gratitude you now feel. Actions always speak more forcibly than words. Let your life prove how much you have learned."

"Excuse me one minute, Mrs. N——," said Miss G——; "Elliott said, that in his prosperity he thought he was a Christian, but when trouble came he found out he was not. Do you not think if he has learned that much, that one gracious purpose has been answered?"

"Yes, certainly; and now, my friend, will you begin at the beginning? We will have a few words of prayer in the house, and I should like you to come before God in your true character."

The little party rose, and went into the cottage, the man

in much confusion asking, "Do you want me to tell you what I am, then, before you pray for me?"

"Not at all," said the lady, as she knelt down at once. "I want you to tell God what you are, and keep nothing back, remembering His beloved Son Jesus Christ is between you and His just wrath."

There was a pause, only broken by the sobs of the children, and then the strong man bowed down, and with agonizing earnestness told his tale of sin, and woe, and wretchedness; but, to the joy of the praying party, ere long the cry of entreaty was changed to a shout of praise, as he realized how the Lord had laid on Jesus the iniquity of his sin. It was an exciting scene; poor James hung round his father's neck, and could only say, "O happy day! O happy day!"

Mrs. N—— felt it was time to go home, but knew not how to go; but Miss G—— kindly proposed to sing a hymn, and commenced,—

> "How do Thy mercies close me round!
> For ever be Thy Name adored;
> I blush in all things to abound:
> The servant is above his Lord!"

Gradually, one and another joined her, and by the time the hymn was finished, a sweet peace pervaded all hearts, and it was comparatively easy to speak the farewells.

Several communications from Jane or James Elliott reached Mrs. N——, but it was three years after the Sabbath evening of which we have written when Jane wrote: "At length, dear Madam, my poor dear brother is released from the clay tabernacle; he has been very weak for some time, but only kept his bed one day. He died rejoicing that Jesus had prepared his place for him, and prepared him for the place: his last words were to father, 'Father,' he said, 'the blood of Jesus is the only foundation of my hope: and it is firm—firm—firm!' Father is much cut up: but, Ma'am, thank God with me, for he is walking consistently, and trusting in Jesus."



"LOVE COVERETH ALL SINS."

During the many years I have been engaged in Sunday-school teaching, you may believe I have noticed those children and teachers who were in the habit of coming into the school-room after the singing had commenced, or indeed after the prayer was concluded. I need not tell you they were not numbered among the best teachers, or the most tractable and attentive scholars. But I am not going to lecture late comers. I only say that, whoever else might be behind, Ellen B—— was sure to be in time. She was but a little girl, scarcely nine years of age, but she was so regularly waiting at the school door when the superintendent arrived, that she attracted his special attention, and obtained from him many kind greetings, which pleased her mightily.

"Teacher," she one day said, "Mr. Jones shook hands with me, and said, 'Well, little maid, I will unlock the door, and you shall walk in first, as you have a good right to do.'" And, another day she remarked, "Teacher, Mr. Jones said he and I would have a verse together before any one else came; and he showed me his Bible, and we both learned the verse, 'I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me.'"

There are some children who never take any trouble to give satisfaction, or to gain approbation, and yet when they see others obtaining favour through diligence and good conduct, these careless ones indulge foolish and wicked ideas, and say, "Ah! she is teacher's favourite."

Thus it was in the case of Ellen ; I do not know exactly how, but she was considered a general favourite ; *all* the teachers noticed her kindly. It was not that she was pretty, or that she was nicely dressed, for poor Ellen had very pale cheeks and sunken eyes, and her clothes, though always clean, were very shabby. But she was regularly in her place in the class *twice a day ;* in the morning she had a few nice verses ready to recite to her teacher, besides the text on the Scripture-tickets which she had received the previous Sunday. These tickets were given for early attendance, and it was a custom in the class for the girls in turn to have one of their tickets explained on Sabbath morning, five minutes being all the time that could be spared for it. One Sabbath, the teacher of the class said, "Now, Ellen, it is your turn to-day." She was generally so pleased when it was her turn to give the text, that great surprise was manifested, when she said, "If you please, teacher, may I give my turn to Ann ?"

"Well," was the reply, "if Ann wants her text explained particularly, I have no objection."

"No, ma'am," said Ann, "Ellen wants to change turns, and I don't mind."

"O yes !" pleaded Ellen, and this time with tears in her eyes, "Ann has got such a nice text."

The teacher signified assent, and Ann repeated, "Hatred stirreth up strifes : but love covereth all sins." Ellen listened eagerly to the remarks made on it : the first part was illustrated by the history of Joseph's brethren ; and, on the second part, the children were told that "covereth" meant *hideth*, and it was the very opposite to talking about and exposing another person's sins ; love *puts them out of sight.* Just so does God deal with poor guilty sinners who believe in Jesus ; to all such He graciously and kindly says, "I have *blotted out*, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." How was sin blotted out ? Why—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Nothing more was said with reference to Ellen's ticket, but in the course of the following week the teacher called on Ellen's mother, and curiosity led her to ask Ellen about her last Sunday's text.

"Mother will tell you, I can't."

"O yes!" said the woman, "her father *came home the worse* on Saturday evening, and Nell talked about her text for the Sunday-school, and father, he wouldn't stand it, and threw all her tickets on the fire; he is sorry enough now, though, for the child took on about it."

"And you did not like to tell me this, Ellen?" asked the teacher.

"No; I did not like the other girls to know about my father, and so I persuaded Ann to let me ask you to explain her ticket; and O, teacher! I *did like* to hear you talk about covering sin, *did not I do it with my love?*"

Dear little Ellen, her filial affection was great, and often after that time the child's love covered the father's sin.

A few months after the episode of the ticket, Ellen B—— was missing from the class. Not only her own teacher, but the others were asking, "What has become of poor little Ellen?" and it was soon known that she was very ill, and all thought the Master had gone "into His garden to gather lilies," and that our lily would be plucked. Many kind friends ministered to her wants and comforts; but one day, when her teacher was sitting by her bedside, scarcely daring to speak, lest she should disturb the child, and not even knowing whether she were recognized or not, Ellen suddenly exclaimed, "Teacher, tell me about '*blotting out sin.*'"

Very plainly and quietly the teacher told of the precious

blood of Jesus, shed on Calvary, and finished by reading, "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sin is covered."

"O thank you," said Ellen, "I shall always believe Christ's love has covered my sin? I do so like to think about it."

Ellen B—— did not die; on the contrary, she got much better, and seemed likely to become a strong, active young woman. But she went early to service, so that her connection with the school was severed, and her teacher knew but little of her, till she one day called to say that the family with whom she lived were going abroad, and she was going with them as nursemaid. Many grateful words she uttered to her teacher, but none that are remembered with greater pleasure than these, "I am very happy! my soul is resting on Jesus! indeed, I can say,—

'Cover'd is my unrighteousness!'"

THE CHAT IN THE MEADOW.

It was a lovely summer evening when a group of young people were seen sitting on the mossy turf of a favourite hill. They were evidently in earnest conversation, and each young face looked eager and excited: the subject of discussion was the hindrances they found in the way of making a profession of piety. The meeting was brought about, as we are apt to say, accidentally; and yet, when we find out what important results are attained, we are led to acknowledge that Infinite Wisdom must have devised the plan, and Infinite Love assisted in carrying it out.

Kate G—— had in the morning met Mary E—— in the town, and after conversing for a few minutes, they had agreed to take a walk in the evening, and "have a chat," as Kate said, "about good things." They had their pleasant walk, and then seated themselves in the favourite spot. While they were busily talking, Ruth W—— came up, and sitting down near them, said, "I *am* glad to see you, girls; but I hope I don't intrude."

"O dear, no!" replid Mary; "Kate and I are talking about last Sunday evening, and we shall be glad to know what you thought of some things Mr. B—— said in his sermon."

"Yes, Ruth," added Kate; "you know I did feel so bad while he was preaching, and I thought teacher must have told him about me, and I made up my mind as soon as ever I get out of this chapel I'll run right home; and then

presently I'll say, 'Good night, all; I'm going to bed:' and once in my bed-room I can cry and pray, and nobody know, for I thought if I can't pray I shall scream."

"Did you feel like that?" asked Ruth; "and did you go home to pray?"

"Yes; but before I could get out, teacher came and spoke to me. She said, 'Kate, I see you are unhappy to-night; I wish I could stay and talk with you: but remember there is *only one way* of getting rid of the burden of sin. Jesus said, '*Come unto Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!'"

"What did you say to her?"

"Just nothing at all; but she knew all I meant. I ran home, and did as I intended. My father and mother took no notice, and I lay and thought and prayed a long time; but at last I fell asleep. To-day *I have been trying to come to Jesus.*"

"Well, I'm sure 'tis no use trying," said Mary E——; "weeks ago, when Mr. I——preached on 'The barren fig-tree,' I was dreadfully miserable; and I made up my mind from that night I would alter and be good. I tried hard; sometimes I felt so nice and happy, and I enjoyed reading my Bible, and learning portions. I could be amiable, good-tempered, and industrious, and I pleased myself with thinking how mother would wonder at the change in me; and then some day when she had got to like *my new ways*, I should be able to tell her it was all along of my being religious, and so there would be no fuss about it. But somehow, after a few days I got as bad as ever; and then my mother laughed, and said, 'Ah, Poll! I thought it was only your *head* turned, and *not your heart.*' Then I gave up; till last Sunday, when Mr. B—— preached, I began to think I was at the wrong end,—I had not yet come to Jesus at all."

During the time Mary had been talking, another girl had

come slowly round the brow of the hill. At first she stood and looked, and then was turning away, but Kate beckoned her, and Ruth made signs that there was room by her side; so she had come forward, and taken a seat, Mary only nodding to her familiarly, and continuing her tale. The new comer had heard only the last part, but now she said cheerfully,—

"What a good thing to know where you were wrong, Mary! Suppose you begin again, and begin right. 'Come to Jesus, just now,' as we often sing."

"O, yes!" replied Mary, "very easily *said*. Kate G—— says she is trying to come to Jesus, but I don't think of trying again."

"Look here, now," said Emma; "when I came round the hill I thought to myself what a nice place those girls have got: then I came nearer, and I thought, why, it's Kate, Mary, and Ruth; I've a good mind to go too. Then I thought again, very likely I'm not wanted; so I stood still and longed. Presently Kate beckoned, and Ruth made signs that there was room by her, and I came straight and took my seat: suppose when Kate beckoned I had called out, 'I am *trying* to come.'"

"Go on, Emma," said Ruth; "what do you mean by all that?"

"Well, this. We poor sinners know that Christians are happy people; and we often look at them, and they seem *sitting in good places;* then, by and by, we draw a little nearer, and we find that some we know are amongst them. Then we have a longing; they beckon, and tell us there is room; and Jesus says, 'Come unto Me!' and the Ministers say, 'Come, for He never yet cast out any that came unto Him.' And there we stand still and sigh, and only say, '*I'll try.*' You know, *you must know*, that it is not quite a year since *I came.*"

"Ah!" said Kate, "I remember it very well; but you speak as if it was *so easy*, and there was *no cross to take up after all.*"

"Because, Kate, I think at present we have nothing to do with any cross but THE CROSS on which Jesus died. 'His open side shall take you in.'"

"But you must own there are plenty of hindrances," said Mary E——.

"Hindrances, but we must get over them; Jesus says, 'Come!' It seems to me like this, that at soon as from the bottom of our heart we feel *none but Jesus* can do us good, and just as fully believe that when Jesus says, '*Come ye weary*,' He really means it, *why, we do come.* It is because we have not quite given up the hope of helping ourselves a little bit, that we do not come. But you are making me talk too much."

"No, not too much," said Mary E——, "if only we get to the bottom of this. Now then, Emma, why cannot *I* come to Jesus?"

"I cannot tell, I'm sure; my own conviction is that *you can*; but that you want to be good first, and then come dressed in your own righteousness. But that is no use; you must come ragged and helpless; in fact, Mary, you must come *as you are* NOW.

> 'Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure;
> I want,—do Thou enrich the poor;
> Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,—
> O lift the abject sinner up!'"

Mary was silent, but Kate said, "O, Emma, I will never rest as I am; my heart longs for Jesus, and I feel that His blood can wash me from sin. I do love Jesus, because He is willing to receive poor sinners; and I am resting on the beautiful promise we had as a text last Sunday, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Dear Kate!" said Emma, tenderly, "and remember it must be—

> '*Just as I am*,—without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,—
> O Lamb of God, I come!'"

The girls now started to their feet, for the gathering clouds warned them that a storm was near, and each hastily sought her own home. Could we have followed them into their own rooms on that evening, we might lengthen this account; but this only can we do,—we can give the revelations of the next Sabbath. Kate was "rejoicing in hope;" Ruth was burdened with unbelief; Mary had succeeded in putting unhappy thoughts away from her, and meant to wait for "a more convenient season." The Saviour's invitation was again given, the Saviour's promise repeated, the Saviour's love brought forward, but Mary thought still "it was no use trying."



WHOSE YOKE DO YOU WEAR?

"O, WILLIE!" exclaimed Fanny G——, as she saw Willie M—— one Sabbath morning come out of a little shop with his hands full of nuts, "O, Willie, you know that's wicked!"

"Well," was the reply, "and who cares?"

"*You* ought to care, Willie? You know it is not right to spend money on Sundays."

"Who says so, Miss Fanny Methodist?" asked Willie, jeeringly.

"*My* teacher says so, and *your* teacher says so; and Ministers say so; and all good people everywhere say so: and," continued Fanny, dropping her voice to a lower key, "God says, 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy!'"

"Well, and who cares?" said Willie, again; this time with a very defiant air, and in a tone that he, poor boy, fancied was very brave and manly.

The children were on their way to the same Sunday-school, and now proceeded without speaking, Willie busy cracking and eating nuts, and Fanny looking over a hymn she meant to recite to her teacher; her little voice was murmuring,—

> "How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest!
> The day of the week I love dearest and best!
> This morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
> And broke all the fetters of death and its gloom."

Presently, Willie interrupted her by crying, "I say, Fanny, have some nuts? they are just capital."

"No, thank you, Willie; I know very well they are not good when they are bought on Sundays."

"What's the odds, you little simpleton?" returned Willie; "if they are good Saturdays and Mondays, they are just the same on Sundays, aint they?"

"Ask your teacher," said Fanny.

"Not I, indeed! he will say just what you do, that buying things on Sunday is wrong; but my father says it's all nonsense; that Sunday is the best day, and we ought to have best things on that day: why, we always have something extra."

"So do we," returned Fanny, "for Sunday *is* the best day; I wear my best clothes, and we have the house tidy, and put down a carpet, and have the best tea-things; then I come to Sunday-school, and mother comes to chapel, and sometimes father comes, and altogether *it is a good day*, I can tell you: they are my extras, Willie."

"And I have some money to spend, and I mean to spend it, too," said Willie, "for all the teachers, Ministers, and good people say. Who cares for them, I wonder?"

By this time the two children were drawing near to the school-room, and other boys and girls joined them. Willie good-naturedly shared his nuts with them, and then as they were entering the door, whispered cautiously, "If you have not eaten them, put them out of sight."

Fanny G—— was inside the door, but hearing the caution she put her head out, and said archly, "Willie, *who cares?*"

Very speedily the children were all in their places, and the superintendent went into the desk, and gave out a hymn, and the little company, as with one voice, sang,—

"This is the day when Christ arose,
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed!"

Had any of my readers looked round that room, they could not have distinguished between the little singers; but *there was a difference;* from some it was acceptable praise, from others it was but lip-service; but that first verse was *well sung.*

When the superintendent read the next verse, he repeated again the lines,—

> "And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
> And love my sins so well?"

and stopped to explain what *a yoke* was. He told them it was an emblem of servitude; that any person under the authority or control of another was said to "wear his yoke:" this service was sometimes a forced service, but it might be *willing service;* persons might enter into an agreement for a certain period, and for certain considerations, to wear the yoke of another. It was in the power of the master, or person holding authority, to make the yoke easy or grievous; and he illustrated his remarks by giving the history of Rehoboam and the Israelites. Then he told what power Satan had over sinful men; how he keeps them in bondage, has them under his yoke, and how satisfied men seem to be wearing the yoke; but there was no need, he said, for Jesus Himself had broken the powers of Satan, and now invites all to come and serve Him, declaring that *His yoke is easy.* Then he gave out again,—

> "This is the day when Jesus broke
> The power of death and hell:
> And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
> And love my sins so well?"

Any one might have noticed that the tide of song was not so full as in the first verse. Some little hearts were saddened, and some little minds were making good resolutions, and they could not sing just then; but so little do children

care to cherish serious thought, that every voice was ready for the following verse, and every boy and girl looked as if indeed they knew no higher pleasure than to come to Sunday-school, and "hear of heaven, and learn the way." But alas! the last verse was sadly interrupted; one boy had thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought out a few nuts, which he slily showed to the lad next him; this lad mischievously struck the hand with his hymn-book, and sent the nuts flying about the school-room. The superintendent stopped reading the verse, and then followed inquiries, explanations, and reproofs, until everybody was uncomfortable; and when the words were uttered, "Let us pray," very few were in the spirit of prayer.

A petition was offered that the Lord would pardon and forgive all Sabbath-breakers, and Willie M—— whispered to Jem P——, "And cross teachers! Amen." And then Jem laughed, and told the next boy, and he told the next, and so even during prayer they helped each other to do wrong.

That was not at all a pleasant morning for the teachers: the scholars were restless and inattentive, and when Willie M——'s teacher told him he was evidently wearing Satan's yoke, Willie replied, "Who cares?" and Jem P—— said, "I don't understand about the yoke." I dare say his teacher explained it again, but I don't know about that; I only know what took place as the children went home after morning service.

"You bad boys," said Fanny G——; "didn't you spoil Sunday-school to-day?"

"Well, who cares?" said Willie M——; "it was good fun; did you see how Mr. J—— pulled his face down to look like a very good boy, and gave out, 'I'll leave my sport to read and pray,' and then cried out so sharp, 'What's that? what are you boys about? Nuts! nuts! O dear me! who

has been buying nuts to-day? How very sad!" And so Willie went on, making fun of the good superintendent, until little Ellen B—— said, gently, "Willie, will you tell us what Mr. J—— said about wearing Satan' syoke? you ought to remember that, you know."

Willie hesitated, stammered, and, I really think, blushed; but at length his favourite question came to his aid, and he only asked, "Who cares?"

"Is he not a wicked boy, Ellen?" said Fanny G——; "I am so glad you told him about Satan's yoke, for he does wear it, and loves his sin."

Ellen did not answer, so Fanny continued, "I can't think what pleasure they find in doing such bad things; it is just as easy to serve Jesus as to serve Satan, and a great deal nicer, especially on Sundays. Don't you think so, Ellen?"

"O, Fanny!" said little Ellen, "I am not sure whose yoke I am wearing; I do not want to wear Satan's, but I know I don't always serve Jesus, and you know teacher said this morning *we could not serve two masters;* we are either servants of Satan and sin, or else we wear the yoke of the meek and lowly Jesus; I do wish I could wear that."

"Yes, Ellen," replied Fanny, "and she said Satan's yoke *seemed easy*, but in reality it was a very grievous bondage, and the wages he gave were pain and death; while Jesus's yoke *seemed hard* and difficult, but when we had grace to wear it, it would prove to be an easy yoke, and we should have rest, peace, and eternal life. Ellen, I do think I am trying to be Christ's faithful servant, and you know if we are we must stand up for Him."

"Good-bye, Fanny; let us talk about this another time, for I must make up my mind whose yoke I will wear."

And I am very happy to be able to add that dear little Ellen B—— was able, through grace, to render willing

service to Jesus. She manifested much of His meekness and lowliness of heart; her path in life was by no means a smooth and pleasant one, but she glorified God by cheerful acquiescence in His will; and she ever found His service her reward. Ellen and Fanny remained friends long after their school-days were over, and, as far as I know, remain so still, although Ellen has for many years been resident in a foreign country. It is indeed time that, in the spirit of prayer, and seeking grace from on high, we should, like Ellen, declare "*I must make up my mind* whose yoke I will wear." There is One whose love is boundless, infinite, unsearchable! His voice can cause even the dead to hear, and He cries to all those who will stop to listen, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."



HE SAVES THE LOST..

On a Sabbath afternoon, several years ago, a little company of teachers and children were coming out of a Wesleyan Sunday-school in a small country town. One could not help especially noting the flushed cheeks and languid steps of the very small band of female teachers. The day had been so warm, the atmosphere of the school-room unusually oppressive, the address so lifeless, the children so restless, that for this day at least it was evidently a relief to leave the close, hot school-room, and inhale the sweet fresh air.

A bright young girl linked her arm within that of one of the ladies, saying, as she did so, "O, teacher! come into the field, and sit down, and teach us the new tune to—

'O happy land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell!'"

The teacher at once turned her steps in the direction indicated; but at this precise moment a little girl from one of the courts opposite darted in front of her, and, dropping a curtsey, said, "If you please, ma'am, will you come up our yard? My mother wants you."

"Who wants me, dear?" asked the lady. "Maggie's mother," was the reply; "she wants you badly."

Of the two invitations she had received, Miss L—— would rather have accepted the former; but only for a moment was there any hesitation between the two,—the path of duty was the path she decided to take; so, bidding

good-bye to the disappointed girl, she accompanied the young child to a small cottage in "our yard."

A man sat just within the house, smoking his pipe; but as the lady and little girl approached the doorway, he arose, pushed by them, and went off. Maggie crossed the bare little kitchen, and ascended a short, narrow staircase. Miss L—— followed her into a very small, low room; only in one little place was there a possibility of the rather tall lady standing upright.

On a trussel-bedstead lay a young woman, who appeared to be either sleeping or fainting. At the sound of the footsteps she aroused herself, and in a very feeble voice asked "Who is it?" The visitor explained who she was, and why she had come. "O, thank you," said the poor sick one; "and now then tell me, Is there not a part that says, He will save the lost?"

At once the teacher perceived that what the woman needed was "the old, old story;" and, after a prayer for help, she told the story simply. Then, taking out her Bible, she read the first few verses of Luke xix. She stopped at the verse of which the invalid had some knowledge, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

After a pause of a few minutes the woman said, "Ah! ma'am, that's the text; that's what I want." Up to this time little Maggie had been quietly seated on the floor; but, rising now, she said, "You must come down; Granny is coming, and she will be cross." "No! no!" gasped the woman, "don't go; it's only my mother." The mother did not come upstairs, however; so Miss L—— had time to gain some account of the invalid.

She learned that a few years before, in a distant village Sunday-school, this poor dying creature had been in her class; from the time she had left it, she had been living

apparently careless and unconcerned about eternal things, but confessed that many a time she had "twinges of conscience" when she saw people going to church or chapel, "and especially," she added, "when I met you: you did not know me, but I knew you directly."

"Have you thought at all," asked Miss L——, "that you may never get well again?" "O yes! O yes! that's why I wanted to see you. I have wanted to know that beautiful verse; it's all I can remember of old days." After a few words of prayer, the visitor left, promising to call again very soon.

Down-stairs she saw the mother, who was not communicative, but went away; leaving Miss L—— alone with the little girl, who was the very opposite of Granny. After several items of information had been given gratuitously, the lady said, "Have you a Bible anywhere, Maggie?" "No; I go to the Sunday-school, and am 'putting in' for one; but I cannot read yet. Yes, I can, though! I read, 'God can see me, and all that I do.'"

A thought flashed across the mind of Miss L——: the text was all in words of one syllable; Maggie might be taught to read them. So Miss L—— sought the house of her nearest friend; there she took a cup of tea, and then, borrowing pen and ink, she printed on a card, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Again she sought the cottage in "our yard." This time Maggie was alone, and was pleased to read to the lady; some of the words she knew, and others she quickly learned, and promised to read the card to her mother as often as she wanted it.

Miss L—— now walked homewards. She had lost her pleasant chat with her girls, she had lost the evening service, but she hoped she had dropped good seed into prepared ground, and she watered it with tears and prayers.

Only once more did she visit the sick woman, and then there was hope that—

> "The wanderer to the fold had come,
> The prodigal was welcomed home."

Maggie's text had been "a precious comfort," she said, and she "strongly hoped that once more the Son of Man would save the lost."

The next Sabbath the little kitchen was full of people, and in the small upper room she knew there was only the empty tabernacle; so that day the teacher and her class went into the pleasant field close by the school, and sang the new tune, and then the story of the sick scholar was related, and an affectionate appeal ended by a reminder to the girls that—

> "Every voice in yonder throng
> On earth had breathed a prayer;
> No lips untaught could join that song,
> Or learn the music there."



THE ONE WAY.

"You are so bigoted, Sir," said a big lad to his Sunday-school teacher; "I don't mean to be rude, but as you wished me to speak freely, I must say I don't like people to speak as if we can only get to heaven in *their* way."

"My dear fellow," was the reply, "it is not a question of *my* way, or anybody else's way; it is 'The Way,' the only Way!"

"Do you think, then, that there is really only one way? It seems to me that of all the people I know, very few are going the same way; and yet of course they all think they are going right."

"I repeat again, George, that God's Word declares there is only one way, and that is through Christ Jesus! He Himself declared, 'I am the Way,' and there is only one entrance to the Way, and again it must be Jesus, for He said likewise, 'I am the Door.'"

"But, Sir," said George, "aren't church people going as well as chapel people? must everybody be just like you?"

"Not at all, my boy," said the teacher; "again I say, it is not a question of church or chapel going, for all persons alike must come to Jesus as 'the Way, the Truth, the Life.' 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'"

"Ah, well, Sir," said George, "it is too much fuss for me; and I shall hope to find a shorter way when I am ready to start."

"I am very sorry, George, but just hear one text before we part," and taking out his Testament the teacher read: "He that entereth not by the Door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

"Good night, Sir, and thank you," said George; and leaping over the style, against which he had been leaning while talking to his teacher, he was soon on his way home.

Whether George ever found the shorter way to heaven, or whether he ever entered in by "the Door," and walked in *the Way*, I have had no means of knowing; but I do know the sentiments expressed by him are held by scores who would hesitate to speak as freely. And yet many have proved that to leave a way plainly mapped out before us, for the sake of finding a shorter way, has been a waste of precious time, and productive of much unpleasantness and needless mortification.

Two friends were once walking up the long and straggling village of L——. Not having been there for some time, they were surprised to find that on the right and left of the main street new streets had been made, and innumerable houses seemed to have sprung up. The friends chatted about this and that new thing, until, attracted by the name of one of the streets, one exclaimed, "O, there is A—— street; an old friend of mine has gone to live there; I should like just to call."

Accordingly they turned into the inviting street, and to their vexation found the villa they wanted was at the extreme end of it; then the two or three minutes they were to stay extended to fifteen, and at length they took a hasty farewell, fearing they might lose their train. Presently they observed another street branching from the one into which they had travelled; it *looked* as if it would be a pleasant and short cut into the main road, and bring them to a point

much nearer the railway station. Away they went, until, meeting a little girl, one asked, "Will this road take us into the village?" "O no, ma'am," said the child, "indeed there's *no entrance out!*"

What, then, must they go back? Yes! there was no help for it; so after expressing their vexation they retraced their steps, found the main road, reached the railway station, but —lost the train!

"So much," said one, "for short cuts, and entering paths from which there is *no entrance out.*"

There seems to be in the human mind a natural tendency to swerve from *ordinary* ways, and *tried* ways, and *marked* ways, and strike out a new path; it is *the shorter way* that is always in request.

In these days of rapid and perpetual motion, even our boys and girls seem to live fast. The boy is not content to pass through infancy and boyhood at the rate his grandfather went; and so, while yet a child, he puts a pipe in his mouth, and lounges into the tap-room of a public-house, calls for his pint of beer, and without a blush utters the profane oath, and thinks *he is a man.*

But it will be an unspeakable mercy if that shorter way to manhood does not prove his irremediable ruin, for he has entered a path from which there is *no entrance out.* Would he be saved, he must retrace his steps; he must come back, like the prodigal, acknowledging his sin and transgression, and seeking pardon and forgiveness of his Heavenly Father.

Many a girl now is dressing herself for her first ball, when her maternal ancestors would have been studying lessons, or dressing dolls. What is "worn," what is fashionable, are the themes which occupy her thoughts, and the topics upon which she can converse; while what is right, or what is seemly in God's sight, never enters her mind: and should some kind and anxious Christian friend venture to remind

her that the way in which she is walking is unsafe, and that the end of it must be death, she will toss her head defiantly, and reply, "There is time enough yet for religion; I must have a little pleasure, and see a little life;" and so she passes on, becoming more and more involved in worldly gaiety, and less and less inclined to serious consideration; and yet flattering herself that at any moment she could glide out of the broad road, and find a by-path into the narrow road, and so reach heaven at last.

The writer has a distinct recollection of the horror she once felt when an acquaintance who was a "lover of pleasure," in describing the so-called delights of a public ball, concluded with these words:—"Mr. —— played divinely! indeed, the whole of the music was so enrapturing that I thought how delightful it would be to pass from the instruments of earth to hear the harps of heaven!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "from a ball-room?"

"And why not?" was the rejoinder.

"Well, I knew why not; but I was younger then, and hesitated to reply: but surely that poor deluded woman must one day find out that from the path in which she is walking there is "no entrance out." Before she can join the society of the redeemed, and listen to their holy and joyous songs, she must enter Christ, The Door, and walk in The One Way.

The attempt to serve two masters is now more common than ever, and a *profession* of Christianity is often made by those who have never been "transformed by the renewing of their mind," but are still "conformed to this world." The streams of pleasure, mere worldly pleasure, are so enticing,—

"They lure us, and we venture in,
Cheated by sun and smiles;
They tempt us, and we brave their depths,
Won by their winning wiles.

Too deep and strong for us! we glide
Down their deceiving wave,
Like men by syren song beguiled
Down to a syren grave."

There is no concord between Christ and Belial; there is no possibility of walking in two ways at once; it is not reasonable to expect to give satisfactory service to two masters; "the friendship of the world is enmity with God." Like the teacher whom George thought so bigoted, we are firm believers in the one way of salvation. Are we taking care that our scholars find this out? Fellow-teachers, how do you teach? I do not ask whether you use Catechisms, or whether you have an objection to them. I care not whether you consult Clarke, Benson, Matthew Henry, or Barnes; or whether you prefer the plain text of Scripture: it matters not to me whether you question your scholars, or they question you, or whether you both alike enjoy the privilege; but I ask whether you are exalting Christ; whether you are making a decided stand for Him? showing your scholars plainly that you believe "There is *none other Name* under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."





THE SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

"O, ELLA! I am so weary of hearing you read," said Annie G——, fretfully; "I wish you would talk instead."

"I am so sorry, dear Annie," was the reply; "I was myself so interested in the book, that I thoughtlessly forgot how weak you are. What do you wish to talk about?"

"*I* don't wish to talk," said Annie; "*you* are to talk."

Ella looked affectionately at her invalid friend and classmate, who now lay with closed eyes, and a weary, discontented look.

Presently she remarked, "It is so lovely by this open window; I am inhaling the perfume of roses, and listening to the vesper song of the birds; I can also hear the lowing of cattle, and the distant tinkling of sheep-bells."

"Yes," said Annie, "it is too bad of me to keep you here, you must be longing to go out; I can do very well till mother comes home."

For reply, Ella bent over her, and impressed a kiss on her forehead, playfully saying, "How dare you talk so! I forbid you to speak again for ten minutes, but I shall say and do as I please!"

A smile flitted across Annie's face, and she again closed her eyes, as if assenting to Ella's terms. Very soon, in low, clear tones, Ella sang,—

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 It calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

"Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
 My Shield and Hiding-place!
My never-failing Treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace."

The voice ceased, and Ella, hearing a movement in the direction of the couch, looked round, and found Annie sitting up, with an earnest expression of countenance, strikingly different from the weary languor before depicted there.

"Why, Annie!" she exclaimed.

"*There* is something to talk about, Ella! I expect you to *prove the assertions* you have made. What is there particularly sweet-sounding in the Name of Jesus?"

"You must not forget, Annie, that I sang, 'In a *believer's* ear.' To an unbeliever the name of 'Jesus' would have no beauty, because it would convey nothing; but to a sinner, who by the operations of the Spirit of God upon his heart has been brought to realize his great need of salvation, what Name can be sweeter than the name of Him Who came into the world for the especial purpose of securing salvation for all who will accept it, 'without money and without price?'"

"Our ransom cost His blood," remarked Annie.

"Yes, my dear; it cost *Him* a tremendous amount, but having purchased it, He bestows it on us freely—*freely!*"

"Go on, Ella!"

"I was thinking how, very long ago, to every poor prisoner confined in jail, the name of John Howard was welcome, for they immediately connected *his* name with *their* characters and position; and even if they had no desire that the former might be changed, they had great hope *that, through him,*

the latter might be bettered, and their suffering lessened. Then again, since I can remember, many a wounded and dying soldier has rejoiced as the name of Florence Nightingale has been whispered in the ward of the hospital, and passed from one bed to another, for they all knew the name was that of a friend to soldiers. Again, there is Miss Marsh, whom we know personally. Her name has brought a gleam of joy and brightness into the eye and heart of many a 'navvy,' for in the name they recognized one who never wearied in her labour of love amongst them, but at much expense and care sought both their temporal and spiritual welfare. How infinitely more sweet is the Name of Jesus! He not only alleviates sorrow, but turns it into joy; He does more than loosen the chains, for 'Jesus the prisoner's fetters *breaks*;' He is not content with dressing wounds, He *heals* them; He not only gives freely, but He gives out of *fulness* that can never decrease!"

"You talk like a book, Ella!" said Annie, "but how beautiful it is! And then to think that there is 'none other Name' that can really mean all this!"

"Ah, Annie, and *to all* who believe in Him the Name of Jesus is precious. Human names have but a limited influence, because they belong to those who can only do good in a limited sphere, and will only be known a comparatively short distance. *His Name* is the same all the world over; wherever there is a poor sinner to be found, there may the Name of Jesus bring gladness and peace; it matters not whether it is—

> 'On Greenland's icy mountains,
> Or India's coral strand.'"

"And do you really think *Jesus* is the sweetest of all the names given to God's beloved Son?" asked Annie.

"The sweetest to a believer, the most precious to those

who, like us, are conscious that 'in Him is life.' All His other names are included in this. Yes, Annie,—

> "'Mid all the varied names of love,
> It is the sweetest yet.'"

"I like to think of Him as 'Redeemer,'" said Annie, "and to rejoice that I am among the number of those who are redeemed, or *bought back*, with His most precious blood."

"And I like to think of Him as 'The Lamb of God,'" said Ella, "and to meditate on that wondrous time when 'He was led as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers was dumb, so He opened not His mouth.' It is as the Lamb slain, that He 'taketh away the sin of the world;' it is with the blood of the Lamb that your redemption price is paid; so you see we come again to the Name that includes all. 'Thou shalt call His Name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.'"

"Dear Ella! this talk has done me good! I am afraid I sometimes get impatient and fretful; it is such a weary while since I was able to get out, and I miss the means of grace,—Bible-lessons, sermons, and prayer-meetings; I used to get so blessed at them; I would go sad and sorrowful, and come away joyful; go empty, and come away full."

"Helpful as means of grace are, Annie, you must not put them in the place of Jesus; it is Jesus Himself that—

> 'Is manna to the hungry soul,
> And to the weary, rest.'"

"Yes, I know. When I go back to the school, Ella, I shall ask teacher to let us have some lessons on the different names given to Jesus; don't you remember we had some on the names by which His people are known? I liked them so much."

"Yes, dear, so did I; and I dare say we should like better to have the names of Jesus. Do you remember that teacher

said the names of Christians and the names of Jesus always fitted?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"In this way, you know: is He 'the Good Shepherd,' we are 'the sheep of His pasture;' is He the Vine, we are the branches; is He the Bridegroom, we are the bride; is He the *Head* of the body, we are the *members;* and so on."

"I understand, Ella: and I say again, how beautiful it all is!"

"I was going to tell you something else, but I am afraid you will be exhausted."

"Ella, I've been getting better ever since we began to talk; I am quite rested, because you know this Name 'is to the weary, rest.'"

"Well, then, the first Sunday you were away ill, we had a friend of our teacher to conduct the class; I cannot now tell you all about his lesson, but this subject has reminded me of something he said. He was one day walking through the docks, and was noticing a Spanish vessel, when he was struck with the name which had been given to it, painted on the stern, you know; he gave it first in Spanish, which of course I can't remember, but the translation was '*Sweet Saviour!*' He said the owner had doubtless learned the power and preciousness of the Name, and so confessed Christ before men. I spoke to teacher about it afterwards, and she said, 'You remember Mr. W——? he was a large shipowner, and I was once present at the launching of a vessel named 'Hephzibah;' I said to him, 'I don't like that name, Effie is prettier;' and he replied, 'It is in memory of my only daughter.' 'But,' said I, 'Mr. W——, that was not her name.' 'No, my dear, but what is *the meaning* of that name?' and he walked away."

"It means 'The Lord's delight,' does it not?"

We are in the habit of thinking so," said Ella, "but the

real meaning, as given in the margin of our Bibles, is, 'My delight is in her;' so you see it was in that way it was used as the name of the vessel, and in the same way, doubtless, the Spaniard used 'Sweet Saviour.'"

"Never ask again 'What's in a name?'" said Annie. "But I hear mother's step; come and kiss me, Ella; I am so thankful not to be weary and fretful when mother comes home, for it pains her so much."

Ella bade her friend good-bye, and assuring her that even now she could enjoy half an hour in the fields, she went away, rejoicing that she had been able to cheer her friend, and that the Name of Jesus had been so sweet to their ears; and with a heart full of love and praise, she sauntered down the narrow country lane, singing,—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His Name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

CHRISTMAS, OR THE BIRTHDAY OF JESUS.

"TEACHER," said little Janet P——, "I want to know *really* whether the 25th of December is the birthday of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Nobody can tell the exact day, Janet," was the reply; "but it was somewhere near that time."

"Near that time," said Janet; "I thought we ought to know just *the right day* for anybody's birthday."

"Yes, my dear; if possible, we like to do so: but supposing no one really knew what day you were born, but we knew it was the first week in June, would it not be nice to say, 'We will always celebrate the 4th of June for Janet's birthday, for it was *near that time!*' or would you rather we should say, 'We are not sure of the exact day of Janet's birth, so she cannot have any birthday celebration?'"

"O," said Janet, "it would be better to have it *near that time* than not at all!"

"The birthday of Jesus is not a common birthday," said Ellen; "we should not talk about it as we do about *our* birthdays."

"And why not, Ellen?" asked her teacher.

"O, I hardly know," said Ellen, "but it seems as if His days and years did not go like ours."

"But they did, Ellen; in the second chapter of Luke we are told what happened when He was twelve years old, and in the third chapter we read of His being thirty years of age."

"I don't think His mother kept His birthday," said Ellen.

"They never did such things in Bible times," said Mary.

"Yes, indeed," said their teacher; "look at the fortieth chapter of Genesis, and you will see that the king of Egypt kept his birthday."

Mary read: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

"O, yes! I remember," said Ellen; "there was another king kept his birthday too; here it is in Mark vi., 'And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains,' etc., etc."

"Ah!" said thoughtful Janet, "they were both kings, and both *heathen* kings; and they did something beside feast the people; Pharaoh set a prisoner free, and Herod murdered John in the prison."

"The custom of noting birthdays is very common," said the teacher, "although the two birthdays named are the only instances we have in the Word of God; you know most people keep family birthdays. It is not always that large parties are invited, or that there is feasting and gaiety; but the member of the circle whose birthday it is, receives some special token of affection from other members of the circle, and all seem to try for that day at least to contribute to his or her happiness. But though I might point out to you other advantages of noting birthdays, I will not, for we are quite wandering from our subject, which is the Birth of Christ Jesus. This was a great event, an exceptional birth: there never had been such a day before; there never will be again. None of you remember when the Prince of Wales was born, but I do; there was a fever of excitement amongst the noblemen and officers of State, and when the glad news was announced that *an heir to the throne was born*, cannons

were fired and bonfires blazed, and as the tidings spread, from every town and village church-steeple the bells rang their merry peals. This was not all, but very soon in every place of worship in the land thanksgivings went up to God."

"Yes, teacher," said Mary, "and now on every royal birthday the cannons roar, and the bells ring: and on the Queen's birthday a good many workmen get a holiday."

"Now, then," continued the teacher, "I want you to notice the circumstances of this wonderful birth. Was it in a palace?"

"No, teacher," said little Janet, sadly: "it was only in a stable, and the Babe was laid in a manger: I often wish there had been 'room in the inn.'"

"He ought to have had the very best room," said Ellen. "Why did not somebody turn out for Mary?"

"You forget she was only a carpenter's wife," said the teacher, "and yet she was 'blessed among women.' Can you tell me, was anybody looking for this birth?"

"It was said afterwards," said Fanny, "that Simeon was waiting for the 'Consolation of Israel:' and I suppose that means he had either read or heard the prophecies respecting Christ, and he was expecting to see them fulfilled."

"Yes, that was Simeon's feeling: now can any one give me a prophecy respecting that birth?"

"Here is one, teacher, that everybody knows; it is the ninth of Isaiah," said Mary. "'For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder.'" Here Mary stopped, exclaiming, as if the truth had only just struck her, "Why, Jesus was heir to a throne too!"

"Yes, Mary, but not an earthly throne: He was born, too, with a higher title than any earthly Prince, for He was *Prince of Peace!*"

"He was God," said Fanny: "in the seventh of Isaiah

there is this prophecy,—'Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel:' and then in the first chapter of Matthew, when that prophecy is quoted, the Evangelist adds, 'which being interpreted is, God with us.'"

"Quite true, Fanny: Christ Jesus was *God* as well as man. You remember Simeon in his song of praise seemed to realize all that that little Babe was."

"Yes, teacher," said Mary, "for he said, 'Mine eyes have *seen Thy salvation.*'"

"He perfectly comprehended that this Babe was *Jesus*, Who was to 'save His people from their sins;' and having seen that the Deliverer was really come, he could pray to be released from the body. But let us come back to the birth of Jesus: no noblemen waited to hear the tidings, no cannons roared, no bonfires blazed, no bells rang, but the event was announced."

"O yes, by angels!" said Ellen.

"Only one angel, Ellen," said Janet, quietly.

Ellen answered quickly and sharply, "Yes, Janet, there was a multitude of them."

"Hush, Ellen," said the teacher, "and read the passage."

Ellen read:—"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." "Well I'm sure," she remarked, "I always thought there was a great many angels."

"The others came afterwards," said Janet, "and suddenly; for it says, 'suddenly there was *with the angel*,' so I sup-

pose one brought the message, and then the others joined him."

"Ah, I see," said Ellen: "that's where 'the multitude' comes in: well, there was a good many of them singing round the shepherds."

"What was the song?" asked the teacher.

"'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' I suppose, teacher," said Fanny, "that they meant the birth of the Saviour had secured all these things?"

"Yes, my dear," was the reply: "and another time I should like to have a talk about the different clauses of 'The Angels' Song,' but to-day we can only mention one other incident connected with this birthday. You will find it in the second chapter of Matthew."

One of the girls read the first eleven verses, and then said, "I suppose, teacher, you wanted us to notice the birthday gifts?"

"But they would not bring gifts to a baby just born; they must have been for Mary."

"Wrong again, Ellen," said Fanny; "the eleventh verse reads, 'and they presented unto *Him* gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.'"

"Yes," said the teacher, "I wanted you to notice the gifts, but I also wanted you to notice that the wise men worshipped Jesus; they evidenced by this act that they believed Him to be the Messiah, the long-looked-for Deliverer. Although now an Infant of days, yet He was also 'One with the Father.'"

"Teacher," said Janet, "I think I see now why people give away so much at Christmas: I don't mean regular Christmas presents, but they give to the poor, and make collections for the poor."

"Well, Janet, why do you think it is?" said the teacher, as she closed her Bible at the usual signal.

"Because," said the child, softly, "Jesus should say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, *ye have done it unto Me!*'"

It was as they left the Sabbath-school that afternoon, Janet said to one of her companions, "I wish, Mary, that when we keep the birthday of Jesus, we could always remember *this worship* as well as the gifts."

"Yes, Janet," said Mary: "the time was over, or else I was going to say, *we have the gifts* accompanied by all sorts of worldly pleasures, but only here and there, and now and then, do we remember *the worship.* I wonder why it is?"

"I can't understand it," said little Janet; "and then, too, when we think *why* He was born! O, Mary, I do love Him! and you know He was '*born to give us second birth.*'"

"Dear Janet" was the reply, "I think we ought to note our birthday of grace even more than our birthday of nature, and I hope I shall always remember the talk we have had to-day. Good-bye, and I wish you a happy Christmas and a happy new year."

"Thank you, Mary! the same to you," said Janet, and went on her way singing,—

"Knees and hearts to Him we bow,
Of our flesh, and of our bone,
Jesus is our Brother now,
And God is all our own."



THE NEW YEAR, OR, WHERE SHALL I BEGIN?

"*I do so wish I was good*," said Lizzie R—— to a young companion; "here have I been month after month, I might say year after year, always wanting to be better, but never getting on."

"I am almost like you," was the reply; "indeed, at the beginning of this year I made up my mind that I was going to be a Christian, and for a month or two I was quite satisfied with myself."

"How *satisfied*, Carrie?" asked Lizzie. "Did you keep from sin?"

"Yes, I think so," said Carrie; "I know I kept from wilful sin, and I used to feel so comfortable and happy."

"I never have got beyond *wishing*," said Lizzie; "I think this is my state, I—

> 'Know the right, approve it too,
> Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.'

But what upset *you*, Carrie, when you had been a month or two a Christian?"

"No, Lizzie, *not a Christian;* that was a mistake of mine, there was *no root*, it was all outside show, and would not stand against temptation and trial."

"Well, Carrie dear, I am sure it is no use unless we are genuine; don't you remember in the address last Sunday we were shown the difference between *a tree planted*, and a branch stuck in the ground?"

"Yes, Lizzie; and when I made a fuss about religion, I was only like a broken-off branch, and having no root, my goodness soon withered away."

"O dear!" said Lizzie, "I only wish I knew *where to begin.* I really want to be good, and I have been thinking how soon the New Year will be in; now the Watch-night service is a good time for making a fresh start, and I believe *I* shall then. Shall we resolve together, Carrie?"

"It is better that we should not vow, than that we should vow and not pay," said Carrie. "I distrust myself."

"Well," said Lizzie, "I feel very strange to-day; I am as sure as possible that teacher will ask us if we will accept the Saviour's mercy on this last Sabbath in the year. I thought at first I would not come, for it always seems so solemn like; this is the third year I have been in the Bible-class, and I have been miserable on the last Sunday in each year, and here we are once more. O, Carrie, what will be the issue?"

Very soon the girls were seated with their class-mates in a comfortable and warm vestry, and after singing and prayer the teacher proposed to vary the usual routine. She read a portion of the Word of God, and then invited the young folks to ask questions, or give any reminiscences of the Bible-class year that might now particularly strike them.

Before she could really finish her brief address, Lizzie R—— exclaimed, "Teacher! where shall I begin?"

"Begin what, my dear?" said Miss W——.

"Begin to seek for Jesus, teacher; I do want to be good next year, I know I am all wrong, and there must be a great alteration, but *where shall I begin?*"

"Supposing *you begin,* dear Lizzie, have you a reasonable prospect of succeeding? 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil.'"

"O, teacher," said Lizzie, with deep sadness in her tones,

"I never was so much in earnest before, and now you discourage me! Carrie M——, too, has been telling me that she *began* this year well, but her goodness did not last. *Where shall I begin?*"

"I think some member of the class can give a reply," said Miss W——. There was a pause, and then a voice was heard saying emphatically and sweetly,—

"The Shepherd *sought His sheep*,
The Father *sought His child*,
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone,
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
JESUS my Shepherd is,
'Twas He Who loved my soul;
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that *sought the lost*,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'*Tis* He my soul doth keep."

Another pause, and the teacher asked, "Lizzie, have you got any help?"

"Not much," she said, "because it seems as if Jesus must seek me, and how can I be sure He will?"

"You are not so willing to be saved as Jesus is to save you," was the reply; "He has been seeking you all these years, *He calls you now!* '*Come unto Me*,' is still His cry!"

"Teacher," said Carrie, "how do you think it was that I failed?"

"You did not begin right, my dear; you expected to gain peace of mind by something *you could do*, and I fear never have realized your own *utter* sinfulness and helplessness. If

you do not believe in your own danger, you cannot believe in Christ's salvation."

"I remember," said another young friend, "that I stumbled a long time over the simplicity of the way of salvation. I was convinced that in myself I had no goodness, and of myself no power to resist sin; but it seemed impossible to believe that God would pardon and accept me, just because Christ Jesus died. But *I kept asking Him*, till one day I thought, why do I always say, 'For Christ's sake,' when I do not believe that the plea is sufficient? I spoke to you about it, dear teacher, and you showed me how Jesus 'bore our sins in *His Own Body* on the tree,' so becoming 'a curse for us,' God graciously accepting Him as my Substitute. I believed then, and have since been enabled to rest my soul on Jesus. This last year God has taught me by His Spirit more of my own nothingness, and matched it by showing me the unfailing efficacy of the blood of Jesus. *It cleanses me!*"

Another dear girl now gave her testimony.

"I should like to tell Lizzie and Carrie how, when there was *none to help*, the Lord came down to deliver. *His own right hand brought salvation.* 'In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live *through Him.* Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' Yes, the precious blood of Jesus is all my plea.

'In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to the Cross I cling.'"

It would not be possible in this brief narrative to relate all that was said to the glory of God on that memorable afternoon. More testimonies were given to the power of the grace of God, and the joy that arises from believing in Jesus; and the teacher, in a few earnest words, again invited the

unsaved to accept the offers of undeserved mercy, and then prayer was offered, and the little party separated.

Lizzie, linking her arm in her teacher's, said, "I think I have seen clearly to-day how freely I may receive salvation. When we sang,—

> 'For ever here my rest shall be,
> Close to Thy bleeding side;
> This all my hope, and all my plea,
> For me the Saviour died!'

I seemed to think of the words, '*When I see the blood*, I will pass over you.'"

"And did you remember what blood that was?"

"Yes, teacher, it was the blood of the Lamb that was slain, and the blood was sprinkled on the posts of the doors, and wherever the blood was seen, the destroyer passed by the house, and the people inside were safe. I am going to read that account when I get home, so as to have it all fresh in my mind."

"Do so, my dear; and remember that nothing but the blood of Jesus can be of any avail for you. Whatever the individual position or character of the Jew, it mattered not; he was not safe except under cover of the blood. God commended His love *to them* in showing them a way of escape from His wrath; and that way was by the death of a lamb, and the sprinkling of the blood as commanded. 'God commendeth His love *toward us*, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'

> 'His death is my plea;
> My Advocate see,
> And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for me;
> Acquitted I was
> When He bled on the cross;
> And by losing His life He hath carried my cause.'"

My young friends will all be glad to learn that Lizzie's

teacher has often afterwards heard her refer to this last Sabbath in the year as the time when Christ Jesus was revealed to her as her Saviour; and she says, "Much as I longed to be good, it had not struck me that the change must be *inward* before it could be *outward*. When I saw this, I knew no effort of mine could accomplish it, and I gave up trying, and pleaded the blood of atonement. Then my faith was quickened, and I grasped the truth, 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you.'"

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within."



THE COVENANT SERVICE.

EMMA R—— and Rachel G—— were standing outside the door of the Sunday-school, awaiting the arrival of their teacher. While waiting, they were chatting pleasantly, but occasionally stopped, and in a kind manner greeted some of the younger children who passed them.

"Rachel," said Emma, "I looked at the Plan this morning, to see when that dear Mr. P—— was going to preach again, and I find it will be next Sunday; but do you know, after his name there is 'C. S.' What does that mean?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless it means 'Come Soon,'" was the laughing reply. "You know, Emma, there are always lots of people when he comes."

"Perhaps it means Collection and Sacrament," said the first speaker: "I would have looked at the explanations, but Mr. S—— came up, and in his sharp way, asked what I was looking for, and when I told him, he said, 'You should come to chapel, let who will preach.'"

Both girls laughed, but seeing their teacher approaching, they went to meet her.

"Teacher," said Emma, after the greetings were over, "what does 'C. S.' mean on the Preachers' Plan?"

"Covenant Service."

"And what sort of service is that, please?"

"We will talk about it this afternoon," returned the teacher; "I intended to tell you something about it to-day."

The opening services over, and the class comfortably seated

around their teacher, Rachel G—— said, "Now, please, ma'am, tell us about the 'C. S.'"

"First, then, what did I say 'C. S.' stood for?"

"Covenant Service," answered Emma.

"And what is the meaning of the word Covenant?"

"It means agreement."

"And how many parties must there be in order to the making of an agreement?"

"There *must* be two *parties*, teacher: but I suppose there may be more than two people?"

"Just so; and as in an agreement there are always some conditions to be fulfilled, each party must be thoroughly acquainted with the contents of the document; and then, if satisfied, put his signature as an attestation that the terms meet his approbation, and a promise that he will fulfil the required conditions."

"Yes, teacher," said Emma; "I think I understand."

Another girl now spoke. "All the people in our row have had their rents raised, all but my father; and he says the new landlord cannot raise his, because he has *a signed agreement* for so many years; but I never heard him call it a covenant."

"Probably not, but it is essentially the same."

"Teacher," said Emma, "how is it to be next Sunday? Is there an agreement to be made between the minister and the congregation?"

"No, my dear; Mr. P—— will be in the same party with the congregation, the other covenanting Party is the great and holy God."

There was silence; so the teacher told her class to turn to the twenty-fourth of Joshua, and read. The chapter was read with interest, and then, for a help to memory, divided into four portions:

1. The blessings and privileges the Israelites had en-

joyed. 2. The ingratitude they had manifested in forsaking the service of God and worshipping idols. 3. The opportunity now offered them to make a decisive choice as to the future; and 4. The solemn and emphatic terms of the resolution to which they came. This simple arrangement enabled the girls to make the application for themselves: the Lord had done great things for them, but hitherto there had been no grateful return; they had preferred worldly pleasures to heavenly joys; they had cared for the creature more than the Creator; they had rejected the offers of mercy through Christ Jesus; they had trampled under foot the blood of the covenant. On that Sunday, the last in the old year, this was their condition; should it continue? "My resolve," said the teacher, very earnestly, "is, 'As for me, I will serve the Lord;' and now in the name of my Master I say to you, 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve.'"

The time was now far advanced, and the teacher could only tell her class that the Covenant Service would be a collective and public acknowledgment of what had previously taken place between the individual and God, and ended by begging them prayerfully to consider the matter during the week; to make their choice, and on the next Sabbath to be ready to accompany her to "the solemn assembly."

That week to the teacher was one of mourning on account of past unfaithfulness; and yet of rejoicing, in the fact that she had "an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ," "the Mediator of the New Covenant." Many times, too, did she earnestly plead for the members of her class, and when at the week-evening prayer-meeting Emma R—— came in and took a seat by her side, her heart throbbed with grateful emotion. The girl's evident thoughtfulness and devotion encouraged her, but at the close of the service she lacked the courage to speak on the subject nearest her

heart, and with only an affectionate pressure of the hand she passed on.

The Sunday arrived; prayerfully and hopefully the teacher met her class.

"I have not forgotten," said Rachel, "that this is choosing-day."

"Teacher," said Emma, with tears in her eyes, "*I have chosen!* and I hope to-day to covenant with God that I will be His faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end."

"O how glad and thankful I am," said the teacher; "has any one else come to the same happy decision?"

To this question there was no response, but Rachel asked, "Teacher, what are the terms of the agreement on God's side?"

"Read Hebrews x. 16, 17."

Rachel read, "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put My laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

Mary asked, "What shall we have *to do* this afternoon?"

"The Minister, as an ambassador for Jesus, will read you the terms of the covenant; he will invite you to make your choice, to enlist under the banner of Christ, to yield yourselves to Him, body, soul, and spirit; he will request you to put your name in the covenant-grant; and in proof of your willingness, he may ask you to raise your hand, or to stand up before the Lord; and when all who intend to covenant have done this, you will on your knees join the Minister in the words which I will now read to you."

The teacher then read the form of prayer and surrender, as given in the "Directions to Penitents and Believers," and then Rachel said,—

"We do not really go up and put down our names?"

"No, not publicly; but if you were thoroughly in earnest,

and would draw up some form for yourselves, and in the privacy of your own room spread it before the Lord, and then sign your name, you might find it useful; but any thing of this sort should be quite private."

The class separated to meet again outside the chapel door a few minutes before three o'clock, when all went in with their teacher. The season was far too solemn to be described here; the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit were abundantly vouchsafed. The Lord was with His people, and blessed them there. And now all were invited to draw nigh to the table of the Lord; and Emma, laying her hand on her teacher's arm, whispered, "May I come?" and the two together partook of the bread and the wine in remembrance of Jesus who died for them.

From that day Emma was a consistent follower in the "footsteps of the flock," an earnest seeker after conformity to the image of Christ. Mary, too, though with trembling and much diffidence, assured her teacher that the first Sabbath in that year was to her also a choosing-day; while poor Rachel hoped that when another such day came round, she should be ready to yield to the claims of Jesus. But delays are proverbially dangerous, and as long as the teacher knew any thing of Rachel, she was still a procrastinator.

O, dear teachers and fellow-labourers, why should not the first Sabbath in each year be a season of rejoicing in all our Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes? May I invite you to earnest, united, continued, and believing prayer, that the pentecostal blessings may descend, and the Church of Christ receive additions from our schools of "such as shall be saved?" Of that day may many sing,—

> "O happy day that fix'd my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
> Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
> And tell its raptures all abroad."

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

No school in the neighbourhood had been so favoured as ours as to weather. Our *fête* was early in the month of September, and a bright, glorious afternoon it was when a number of scholars and teachers might have been seen engaged in the games common upon such occasions. Groups of visitors were strolling through the park, or sitting in the shade of the trees, watching with interest the merry, happy party. A casual observer would have said that *all* were in exuberant spirits; but had he waited only a short time, he would have noticed a teacher beckoning to some one to take her place in the game, and then quietly walk to the farther side of the park, and take a seat at the foot of the magnificent elm-tree. She looked heated and weary, and as if she needed the rest she was now seeking; but even as she seated herself, she perceived that two girls had followed her and evidently intended to join her. For a moment she felt disappointed, but as she saw who they were, she aroused herself to give them a welcome.

"You saw me leave the party, I suppose, Eliza; but I am sorry you have deprived yourselves of the pleasure of the games."

"O teacher," said Phebe, "we thought you didn't look up to much, and so we thought to sit by you, and have a quiet chat."

"Yes," added Eliza, "when we saw how warm and tired

you looked, we guessed you had been to see poor Hannah, and we want to know how she is."

The teacher replied, "I could not come to this festival without first visiting Hannah, who has for many years been the merriest of the merry, and always the most sought for on these occasions; so I went just to assure her that she would not be forgotten, that her class-mates at least would join with me in remembrances, and would greatly regret her absence. I think she is in less danger than when I saw her on Sunday; but, my dear girls, I am so sorry to find that she is still apparently unconscious of her state as an unpardoned sinner. There is no manifestation of desire for good things, and it grieves me much."

The girls looked very serious, and then simultaneously exclaimed, "Poor Hannah!"

Phebe H—— and Eliza M—— had, some few weeks previously to the School Festival, been led to see and feel their need of a Saviour, they had been humbled before God, and with broken and contrite hearts had sought and found redemption in Jesus, even the forgiveness of all their sins. Both could rejoicingly testify,—

> "My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear,
> He owns me for His child,
> I can no longer fear."

For two years the girls had been in the same Bible-class, but it was not until they knelt side by side, pleading for mercy, that they felt anything like friendship for each other; *then* their hearts were full of sympathy, and "they spake often one to another," and when the light of the glorious Gospel was brought to bear upon their minds through the agency of the Holy Spirit, and they together rejoiced in sin forgiven, one fruit of the change was a clinging affection to each



THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

No school in the neighbourhood had been so favoured as ours as to weather. Our *fête* was early in the month of September, and a bright, glorious afternoon it was when a number of scholars and teachers might have been seen engaged in the games common upon such occasions. Groups of visitors were strolling through the park, or sitting in the shade of the trees, watching with interest the merry, happy party. A casual observer would have said that *all* were in exuberant spirits; but had he waited only a short time, he would have noticed a teacher beckoning to some one to take her place in the game, and then quietly walk to the farther side of the park, and take a seat at the foot of the magnificent elm-tree. She looked heated and weary, and as if she needed the rest she was now seeking; but even as she seated herself, she perceived that two girls had followed her and evidently intended to join her. For a moment she felt disappointed, but as she saw who they were, she aroused herself to give them a welcome.

"You saw me leave the party, I suppose, Eliza; but I am sorry you have deprived yourselves of the pleasure of the games."

"O teacher," said Phebe, "we thought you didn't look up to much, and so we thought to sit by you, and have a quiet chat."

"Yes," added Eliza, "when we saw how warm and tired

you looked, we guessed you had been to see poor Hannah, and we want to know how she is."

The teacher replied, "I could not come to this festival without first visiting Hannah, who has for many years been the merriest of the merry, and always the most sought for on these occasions; so I went just to assure her that she would not be forgotten, that her class-mates at least would join with me in remembrances, and would greatly regret her absence. I think she is in less danger than when I saw her on Sunday; but, my dear girls, I am so sorry to find that she is still apparently unconscious of her state as an unpardoned sinner. There is no manifestation of desire for good things, and it grieves me much."

The girls looked very serious, and then simultaneously exclaimed, "Poor Hannah!"

Phebe H—— and Eliza M—— had, some few weeks previously to the School Festival, been led to see and feel their need of a Saviour, they had been humbled before God, and with broken and contrite hearts had sought and found redemption in Jesus, even the forgiveness of all their sins. Both could rejoicingly testify,—

> "My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear,
> He owns me for His child,
> I can no longer fear."

For two years the girls had been in the same Bible-class, but it was not until they knelt side by side, pleading for mercy, that they felt anything like friendship for each other; *then* their hearts were full of sympathy, and "they spake often one to another," and when the light of the glorious Gospel was brought to bear upon their minds through the agency of the Holy Spirit, and they together rejoiced in sin forgiven, one fruit of the change was a clinging affection to each

other. Truly they were of "the same mind in the Lord." This was the first time they had been able to speak freely and unreservedly to their teacher of their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears; and it was for her a suitable hour, a "time of need," and as she listened to their artless confidences, her spirits revived, and she "thanked God, and took courage."

The girls met with no opposition in their own homes, but they met with no sympathy; so they contrived to see each other frequently, to speak of the love of Jesus, and pour out their hearts in united prayer. They had met at the cottage of a kind neighbour, who herself knowing nothing of the Gospel of Christ as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," was yet willing that Phebe and Eliza should use her room whenever they pleased, so that once or twice a week they held sweet communion. They told their teacher that the widow had taken no notice of anything they said or did until the previous week, when she put down her work, and said, "You girls must *pray for me.*" They did so, and then she told them she was miserable on account of sin, and asked them so many questions that they feared they might answer improperly; and so they wanted their teacher to go with them to see her.

"We are not able to teach others," said Phebe.

"Do not call it teaching," said the lady, "and you will not feel it to be so formidable. Did you ever notice that when a little child has conquered the alphabet, she finds a pleasure in imparting to another the little information she possesses; and the child is a more patient and successful teacher of such little ones, than any person who has made farther advances in literary attainments. Why should not you tell this poor woman what you know of Jesus, the sinner's Friend? Remember the lines of our beautiful hymn—

'What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.'

But our retreat is discovered, and as I am now rested, we will not appear unsociable, but join in the amusements of our companions."

Several young people now came up, and seated themselves on the mossy turf, and began to talk merrily, and in a few minutes the weary teacher was the centre of an animated group, who were discussing the merits and demerits of a popular game. The discussion lasted until tea was announced, when the party at once proceeded to the scene of attractive business. There was no more time for conversation, but when, in the evening, farewells were being spoken, Phebe and Eliza told their teacher that before Sunday they would visit poor Hannah.

"Do," was the reply; "and on Sunday, God willing, I will see your poor widow."

It is with the girls that we will visit, for it is sweet to see the dawn of piety in youth, and to mark the simplicity of those who are but the "youngest born of God." By them the story of the Cross is told so simply and naturally, that the heart unconsciously receives it, and it produces an effect which it would be difficult to produce by any other means.

Phebe and Eliza resolved to go the next day, and tell Hannah what God had done for their souls; and they kept their word. It is but fair to say that their sick class-mate gladly welcomed them, and eagerly asked respecting "The School Festival." They told her all the fun and frolic, and then they cautiously spoke of their chat with "Teacher," and how sad she was that Hannah should be so indifferent about good things.

"I am not," said Hannah, warmly; "there she is wrong!

I did long to ask her to stay and talk and pray with me, but it would have kept her from the festival."

"If you had only let her see you were anxious, it would have done her good; but never mind now, dear, we have come to tell you how Jesus found us, and saved us."

"Ah!" said Hannah, "one of the girls told me you had got converted; how was it?"

Eliza told how she had for a long time felt that there was no happiness for her until she realized that the blood of Jesus had been shed for her; and having at length given up all hope of salvation in any other way, she went with confidence to Jesus as the "Lamb of God," offered in atonement for her sin, and believing, was saved. "Yes," she concluded,—

"'Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enter'd,
And I was born of God.'"

Phebe then said, "You know, Hannah, I was a very giddy girl, and I have many times turned our Bible-Lessons into ridicule, and said rude things about ministers and teachers, but one Sunday night I could not go to sleep, because I had the toothache so bad; and while I was trying to forget the pain by repeating hymns and verses, I found myself all at once stopped by this verse:—

'Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me the Saviour prays,
And pleads His death for me.'

I remembered when we all learned that hymn; and the lesson we had from 'The barren fig-tree.' I forgot my toothache, and began to cry for mercy for my soul. I could not tell you all I felt for days, but the next Sunday night I went up

to the penitent form, and to my surprise Eliza came and knelt down too: we had plenty of good advice and a great many prayers made for us, but it was no good, and we came away unhappy indeed. Teacher came out when we did, and she said: 'Phebe, what did you go up the chapel for to-night?' I was taken aback like, and said, 'I wanted salvation.' 'Well,' she replied, '"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Come to Him just as you are; tell Him the worst of yourself, and then cast yourself on His mercy, and plead His promise, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."' And this is what we both did; it was a long time first, for *telling the worst of ourselves* was not pleasant, but then, as Eliza said, *He knew all*, and yet He said, 'Come.'

'My mouth was stopped, and shame
Covered my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.'"

And so the girls talked on till Hannah too was led to cry for mercy. It was some weeks before the teacher was sufficiently well to take charge of her class, but when she did, among the number who awaited her was Hannah, who joyfully related what God had done for her soul, and dated her first anxiety from the time of her teacher's visit on the day of the School Festival. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

spiritual instruction, can never surely believe that *God wants the boys.*

And yet in the Sacred Volume we have many precious proofs of the kind and providential care of God as manifested to the young. How graciously He cared for the lad Ishmael, and yet reserved the richer blessing for the boy Isaac; how He watched over the best interests of the youthful Joseph; how wonderfully He wrought for His oppressed people by saving Moses, the "proper child," and fitting him for an eminent position and an important work. Did He not also call Samuel in early life, and appoint him his mission? did He not touch the heart of Josiah, and make it tender and impressible? and did He not raise to life the little son of the Shunammite? Truly *God cares for the boys.* "Honourable mention" is made, too, of Lois and Eunice because they cared for the boy Timothy, and instructed him in the Holy Scriptures. O, if all teachers, visitors, and masters would but so care for the boys, what an army of Christian soldiers might be trained in our churches! Well I know how a teacher may be tried by the constant heedlessness or wilfulness of the boys under his care; but, dear fellow-labourers, suffer the word of exhortation, and when reproof is needed, speak it *in love;* let there be a tenderness in your tone, an affectionate concern in your eye, an unmistakable expression of countenance, that shall convince them of your genuine desire for their spiritual good, and your earnest determination *to win them* for the Master.

A mother was showing her little girl a picture of the Saviour with an infant in His arms; around Him, with eager looks, were several mothers with children of various ages, whom they were represented as pushing towards Jesus. "Darling," said the loving mother, "that is what I should like to do with you." For a moment the little creature pouted, and then earnestly exclaimed, "Ma, I wouldn't be

pushed to Jesus! I'd go if He wanted me." And just so do our boys feel; they do not want to be driven, but won.

In a small party of Christians, an argument arose as to the kind of teacher most suitable for a class of boys. One said that "a lady could manage them better than a gentleman;" another avowed that "boys did not like to be taught by a lady;" and another, that "it was not proper to put a lady to teach boys." In the midst of the discussion a Sunday-school boy entered; one of the party asked, "William, do you like a lady or a gentleman to teach your class?"

"I like you, Miss," was the unhesitating reply.

"No, no," said the lady, "I mean do you prefer ladies or gentlemen as teachers for boys."

It was no use; William maintained his first position, "I like *you*, Miss." When questioned by another as to the reason of his preference, he explained, "Because she tells us things, and always speaks kind."

This, then, is what our boys require; intelligent information, and uniform kindness, and so may they be won for the service of Jesus. I think it was Napoleon I. who once remarked, "Alexander, Charlemagne, and I myself, have founded great empires; but, upon what do these creations of our genius depend? *Upon force!* Jesus alone founded His empire upon Love, and to this day millions would die for Him." Let us then, one and all, cultivate the mind that was in Christ Jesus, and never may word, look, or action of ours favour the opinion that *God does not want boys.*

"'Permit them to approach,' He cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.'"

THE SCRIPTURE-TICKETS.

"FANCY George M—— the best boy in our class!" exclaimed Frank L——. "I like that, I do! don't you, Harry?"

"I don't see that George M—— is a bit better than I am," said Harry, in a discontented tone; "but they all make such a rare fuss about him, it is quite sickly."

"Not better than *you*, Harry!" said Frank, sarcastically; "he might, you know, be a great deal better, and not much to boast of then."

"And *you* need not say anything," returned Harry; "you are not perfection."

"No, indeed!" laughed Frank; "but I am improving, and I am pretty nearly up to you, I should think."

"What are you boys talking about?" asked Harry's little sister, Effie; "I know it is nothing good, by the tone of your voices. Harry is cross, and Frank is teasing."

"Well done, little one," said Frank; "your penetration is remarkable. What do you think, now, if I put the whole case before you, will you consider it carefully, and then give us your unbiassed and impartial opinion upon it?"

"I don't in the least know what you mean," said little Effie, looking bewildered.

"I should think you did not," said an older girl, who was Effie's companion; "but never mind, dear; Frank L—— is only at his old game of mocking and teasing."

"Mind your own business, Miss Sarah," said Frank,

rudely. "I spoke to Effie, for whom I have a great respect." Then turning to Effie, he continued: "Listen, little one, this is the grievance;—the stranger gentleman who came into our school on Sunday afternoon, left a nice book with our teacher, and told him to give it to the best boy in the class. Now, he did not give it to me, nor to your brother; and Harry presumes to question the judgment that led teacher to present the book to George M——. Now for your opinion, Effie. Should it rightly belong to Frank L——, Harry G——, or George M——?"

"I am sure," said Effie, evasively, "that your teacher would do what he thought right."

"But that is not the question," persisted Frank. "Which is the best boy, in *your* opinion?"

"Stop a moment," said Effie; and she sat down on a bank, and began to turn out her pocket. Presently she found a little bag, and as she undrew the string, she said, "I have a good rule for judging here, but both you boys must use it."

The boys looked at her curiously; but Effie turned over her school-tickets, till she found what she wanted, and then she read distinctly:—"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves."

There was a silence of some moments, then Effie read the verse again, and put the ticket back in her bag, and restored the bag to her pocket. "They are God's words," she said, reverently.

Frank laughed jeeringly, and walked away, but Harry threw himself on the bank by the side of his sister, saying apologetically, "I was so disappointed, Effie: the book was all about George Stephenson, and I did want it so much."

"Never mind, Harry; ask George to lend it you; I am sure he will, for he is so very obliging."

"But," argued Harry, "I am punctual at school, and I always repeat my lessons, and I believe I behave well; and why teacher should think him better than me, I don't know."

"I wouldn't try to know," said Effie, gently; "perhaps it was very difficult for your teacher to choose, and he'd be as sorry as could be, if he thought you felt like this."

"You are a good little sister," said Harry; "I only wish I had not been so silly as to say anything to Frank; but he began to talk about it, and then my angry feeling burst out."

"If I had to choose, *you* would have it, Harry," remarked Sarah; "for I always think George M—— is self-satisfied and proud."

"O, no, no, Sarah!" said Harry, warmly; "when I was feeling the most vexed, I could not help acknowledging that George M—— was more humble and teachable than I am. I am so sorry and ashamed that I let Frank see my vexation."

"There now," said Effie, "I do believe I have got another text will do for you;" and out again came the ticket-bag, and after a brief search Effie read: "When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom."

"Preach a sermon on it, Effie," said Sarah; "I am sure you can."

"O, Sarah, don't talk so; Harry knows what it means."

"Yes," said Harry, "I was very proud, and cherished high thoughts of myself, and a very little provocation made me speak my thoughts; and now, upon reflection, I am full of shame, not only that I spoke sinfully, but that I had proud thoughts. There is the application of the first part of your text, Effie; what about the other part?"

"We shall have to see about it," said the child, rising from the bank and walking towards home. Harry and Sarah joined her, and Harry repeated, "But with the lowly is wisdom."

"You are cleverer than I am, Harry," said Effie, "I wish you would tell us what it means."

There was no response from the boy, so Sarah said, "Let us go at it in our teacher's way, Effie; take first the difficult or prominent words, and see what they mean."

"There are only two," said Effie; *lowly* and *wisdom*. What does 'lowly' mean, Harry?"

"It means humble," said her brother; "and in that proverb humility is put in contrast with pride."

"There's a nice answer!" said Effie; "and now, what is 'wisdom?'"

"Well, it was only yesterday that my teacher said, wisdom was *knowledge rightly used*."

"Ah!" said Effie; "I am such a simple little thing; I can't understand that, but it is pretty well if I can get hold of the beginning of wisdom: and you know 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

Harry smiled, and putting his arm around her caressingly, he said, "Now then, little sister, sum up; will you?"

"I don't know how to put it in words; I think I must go backwards. When we have 'the fear of the Lord,' we do not want to sin or grieve Him, but we often forget ourselves and do wrong things, and we find out that *there is no good in us*, and only as we have God's Holy Spirit given us, can we keep right, and this makes us humble and careful, and very glad that Jesus died for sinners."

"Go on," said Sarah, as Effie paused and looked timidly at her brother. Harry nodded encouragingly, and Effie continued:—

"I think, when we feel our own faults so very much, it is easy 'in lowliness of mind' to 'esteem others better than ourselves.'"

"So it is, Effie," said Harry; "and I mean to ask God to help me by His Spirit to conquer pride, and 'be clothed with humility.' Teacher was right, that's very certain."

They had now reached their own home, and paused a few moments to say good-bye to Sarah.

"Effie, dear!" she said, "I have found out to-day the use of my Scripture-tickets; I have never hardly looked at mine; I only tried to get twelve black ones, and then change them for one red one; and give that up to the Secretary as a subscription for a book. For the future I shall read them."

"Do, Sarah," was the reply; "I like them so much, for I don't always know where to find nice texts in my Bible, and these tickets help me; and then I find the places, and read the chapters. I put a little tiny tick against my ticket-text, and I think it will be nice when I grow up to know all the texts I have ever had on my tickets."

The children parted, and Harry and Effie found their tea waiting for them; they were more thoughtful and less talkative than usual: but yet happiness beamed in their eyes, and during the evening Harry proposed to Effie that they should make a practice of talking over the Scripture-tickets every week, adding, "you make me think, Effie, and that is good for me."

"I shall be so glad, brother Harry, because you understand so much, and we shall sing more than ever, 'How precious is the Book Divine!'"



JOHN'S TEACHERS.

"I LIKE your 'School Sketches,' Miss Lillie," said a friend to me a short time since, "but do you know, I think they are too one-sided; nearly all your characters are females, and we men-folks look in vain for something from your pen that shall suit our senior boys."

"I am very sorry for you," I replied; "but I must think that if my 'sketches' are worth anything, the lessons to be drawn from them should benefit both sexes."

"Ah! but it is not the lesson, so much as the story; if I begin to say anything about it, they shut me up with, 'Why, it's about *girls*.'"

"It cannot be helped," said I, "for all my life I have been surrounded with young females, while I have only incidentally had to teach boys; and in no case can I trace the history of any boy whom I may have taught."

"Well, Miss Lillie, *I have a story*, but I could not write it for love or money; I will tell it you, and some day you can make something readable of it, and send it to the Magazine *for the good of the boys*."

"Very well; but remember, it will be *your Sketch*, and not mine."

"I THINK I am about tired of Sunday-school, Sir," said John M—— to a gentleman who held office in the school where John had for some years been a scholar.

"O John, I am sorry!" replied Mr. F——; "you are very young to have such a thought."

"*Young* do you call me, Sir? I am getting on for fourteen, and I am the tallest boy in the class. I have had a pretty decent education, too, and am now an apprentice."

"I am glad to hear it, John; I have no doubt that in all your future life you will find the advantage of your early education. How long have you left the Day-school?"

"Twelve months, Sir; a pretty considerable time to stay in Sunday-school after I have left Day-school. Don't you think so?"

"It is longer than many boys stay, I confess," said Mr. F——; "but then there is no need at all to leave Sunday-school; there is nothing to pay, and always something new to be learned."

"True, Sir, there is nothing to pay, but I can't say I find anything new to learn; I am sure I know as much as my teacher, any day."

Mr. F—— saw they were getting on dangerous ground, so letting the last remark pass unnoticed, he said,—"I have been thinking, John, we might perhaps recommend you as suitable to become a member of the Young Men's Bible-class. Mr. W—— has, I know, received lads of fifteen, and I have no doubt would take you, if you really wish to be removed from the class you are now in."

"Yes, I fancy I might get on better with Mr. W——; certainly I cannot stay in the school with such a drone for a teacher as I have got."

"For shame, John M——! I wonder you can so term a good man who has for years been devoting himself to the work of teaching; he is anxious to do good, and is worthy of all honour. You must remember that Mr. B—— might *enjoy* himself much more if he remained at home and spent the time in private reading and devotion."

"As far as I am concerned, then, Sir," said John, "I wish he would 'enjoy himself much more.'"

Again Mr. F—— felt the ground dangerous, so shaking his head reprovingly, he simply said, "Never mind, John;" and then added in his kindest tones, "Come to school as usual next Sunday, John, and you shall certainly be introduced to the Vestry Class met by Mr. W——."

"Thank you, Sir, I will."

Before the following Sabbath, all John M——'s companions knew that he was going to be proposed as a member of the "Young Men's Class," and some very exaggerated tales were abroad as to what he had said to Mr. F—— about his teacher. In one circle it was confidently whispered that John M—— had made such representations of the unfitness of Mr. B—— for the post he occupied, that he would be requested to tender his resignation. Fortunately the reports did not reach Mr. B——, and it was with his usual equanimity that he took his seat in his class on the following Sunday. On that same Sabbath morning, John M—— felt an inch or two taller; he took extra pains with his hair, giving it plenty of pomatum, and a decidedly manly brush. John also sported a new blue satin tie, and in his buttonhole was a splendid damask rose. It was getting late, so he started off, and drew on his gloves as he walked. Just before reaching the school, John passed two girls; they wished him "good morning," and John, in an awkwardly polite manner, raised his hat and passed on.

"Is this *killing* day, John?" asked one of the girls, jeeringly. As this was an evident allusion to John's trade of a butcher, he did not consider it worth notice.

Vanity is said to be a feminine failing, but prone as our sex is to set a high value on personal appearance, there are always plenty of the opposite sex to keep us company, and, pitiful as it may be, as long as man judgeth by the "outward appearance," there will always be some who will prefer outward show to inward worth.

When John M—— entered the school-room, his teacher wondered what possessed him, and not being quick in collecting his thoughts, he omitted his usual custom of shaking hands with him. John was sublimely indifferent, but as the classes rose at the sound of the bell, he whispered to the next boy, "Mr. B—— is offended because I am going to join the Young Men's Class."

Suffice it that the change was made, and no one congratulated John M—— more kindly and heartily than did his despised teacher. John felt a little ashamed when Mr. B—— told Mr. F—— that John M—— had always been a good steady lad, and he had a personal esteem for him; and he made an effort to say, "I thank you, Sir, for all your kindness."

A few months passed away, and again Mr. F—— met John M—— in the lane. After a few commonplace remarks, Mr. F—— asked:—

"How do you get on on Sunday now, John?"

"Why, I think I am about tired of it, Sir," was the reply.

"You don't mean to tell me you know as much as Mr. W——."

"O, no, Sir! and I never shall; it is not that."

"What is it, then, John? I should really like to know."

"Well, Sir, it is just this: Mr. W—— gives us a nice lesson, and a lot of information, and we enjoy it; but then afterwards he makes *a dead set at us.* When he closes his book and begins, 'And now, my young friends,' I always feel I want to run away."

"Ah, John!" said Mr. F——, "now and then we hear of one who runs away because he won't *deliver* a message; but there are hundreds like you who run away because they won't *hear* a message."

"But it is *every* Sunday, Sir; once now and then one could bear it."

"Every Sunday is it, John? what a mercy, to be sure! line upon line! precept upon precept! invitation upon invitation! *Every* Sunday, John! and some poor sinners *never* hear the message of mercy, and some hear it once, and are *taken* away; suppose instead of your running away, God should call your soul, and next Sunday I had to tell Mr. W——, 'Poor John M—— has been *taken away* in his iniquities.'"

Poor John! his lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, his heart ached, but *not yet* could he yield, so declaring his master would want him, he bade Mr. F—— good day, and at a brisk pace walked off.

Taken away! those words haunted John M——; they were the last in his thoughts at night, they were the first in the morning. Wherever he might be during the day, something would occur to bring the words to remembrance. The church bell tolled, "somebody taken away," thought John; "I wonder if it is in his iniquities!"

By the time Sunday arrived, John was very, very unhappy; but he had a new feeling, a deep sense of gratitude that he had not been *taken away*, and he told it to God on his bended knees. Then, too, he decided to go and hear the message again. But there was no Mr. W—— to meet the class, and presently there entered John M——'s former teacher, Mr. B——. He stepped nervously into the place usually occupied by Mr. W——, in a few words told the young men that their teacher had suddenly been called to attend on a sick relative, and had requested him to take that place.

"I cannot attempt to give you a Bible-lesson," said the good man, "but finding myself face to face with so many youths, 'O let me commend my Saviour to you!' I have never preached in my life, but I must invite you to the Gospel Feast." Then, in broken but earnest words, he set

forth Christ crucified for sinners; the *Infinite Love* of Jesus seemed to impress all hearts, and in that little vestry the power of the Holy Ghost was felt, and souls were saved. Amongst those who look back to that day as the day of their new birth, is John M——. "And only to think," he sometimes says, "that, after all, I owe so much under God to my old teacher, Mr. B——. He was not a drone that memorable Sunday."

Of Mr. F——, too, John cannot say too much: "You see, he let me see he took an interest in me; I often now say to boys myself, 'How do you get on in Sunday-school?'" For Mr. W—— John entertains deep and affectionate respect: "If ever I am in want of a little extra help over my Bible, I go to Mr. W——; and many a happy half-hour have we spent in prayerful study; it was he who first led me to love the 'Book Divine.' God bless all my teachers!"

And now, after this long tale, I can only add my earnest hope that if this sketch is read by any boy or young man who is "feeling tired of Sunday-scool," he will, like John M——, make up his mind to go once more, and that then and there the Lord will graciously meet with him and bless him. Sunday-school teachers! be encouraged to labour on: you may witness no signs of the coming harvest, but the promise is sure, and "in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

"Be brave, my brother!
He whom thou servest, slights
Not even His weakest one;
No deed, though poor, shall be forgot,
However feebly done.
The prayer, the wish, the thought,
The faintly spoken word,
The plan that seem'd to come to nought,
Each has its own reward."



"AFTER THAT."

"WHEN I was young," said Minnie P—— to her chosen friend and class-mate, "I thought that long before this time of my life I should be a decided and useful Christian."

"Dear me, Minnie!" replied Margaret H——; "you are not so very much advanced in life; anybody would suppose you were going down the hill."

"Well, Maggie dear, I am nineteen years old to-day, and the time to which I refer was from ten to fourteen years of age. I can look back on so many things that occurred during that period. I used to read my Bible so diligently, and frequently go by myself to pray."

"And don't you do those things now, Minnie?" asked Margaret; "you always seem what we girls call *up in the Scriptures;* chapters and verses and events are all familiar to you."

Minnie looked pleased and satisfied with this acknowledgment from Margaret, but presently said, "I learned more of my Bible in those few years than I have since. I used to read it systematically, and somehow I got well acquainted with its various Books."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I made it a study; its chronological order, its histories, its references to Eastern life and customs, and its geography, had for me surpassing interest. I thought there was no book like it."

"How did you find it all out?" asked her friend; "I am sure I could not."

"Well, dear, I had a clever teacher at the Sunday-school: I was not old enough for the senior class, but I got on admirably with my teacher, and when she found I was enthusiastic in my endeavours to follow her lessons, and understand her illustrations, she invited me to her house, and studied maps with me, and lent me books. Ah! Maggie, they were happy times!"

"And what *now*, Minnie?"

"I have but little care for such pursuits; *they failed to make me a Christian;* and yet I searched diligently."

"But about prayer, Minnie? you said you prayed frequently; surely God hears and answers prayer."

"I used to think so," was the reply; "but if He does, why am I not different?"

"Minnie, I am not going to set up to be better than you, but I just now remember a passage, which says, 'Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss.'"

"Yes, child," said Minnie, with a slight expression of contempt, "that is in the fourth chapter of James; but if you were to finish the verse, it is, 'that ye may consume it upon your lusts.' That is not applicable to me."

"I beg your pardon," said Margaret, humbly; "I really know so little about it, that perhaps I ought not to quote the Bible at all."

The girls now went on with their needlework, which had been lying in their laps during the preceding conversation. Very swiftly moved the busy fingers, and for some minutes not a word was spoken; then Minnie looked at Margaret, and exclaimed,

"What is wrong, Maggie? You have tears in your eyes."

"Yes, dear Minnie, and I must put down my work again, and tell you, I, too, have been looking back; but my past

is different from yours, I can only see *how bad it has been.* I don't suppose I ever cared for my Bible, except to get my Sunday-lessons; and though I said my prayers regularly, I know it was not praying. After I was put in the senior class, I remember once going home in trouble, and kneeling down by my bedside, praying that God would make me good, for I was so unlike the other girls in the class, but in the morning I had forgotten my anxiety."

"And *now*, Maggie?" asked Minnie.

"I expect last Sunday's lesson set *you* thinking, Minnie; that same lesson has made me so troubled. Do you remember, teacher said, if there was no comfort in our past, there was the present moment still ours. Christ had hitherto been praying, Spare it yet a little longer; but He might now have said, '*After that* thou shalt cut it down.' I keep asking myself after what? Perhaps *after that* lesson; perhaps *after that* sermon on Sunday night; perhaps *after that* whisper of Mary as I came out of the pew—"

"What did she say?" interrupted Minnie.

"She said, 'Maggie, at present it is *Come now.*' O, dear me, Minnie! I do hope *my* '*after that*' is not decided."

"Maggie," said Minnie, "don't be so excited; I never in my life felt as you do. I certainly felt discontented with myself. I thought my present ought to be better than my past, but I was conscious that I had been remiss in duty."

Margaret did not notice the last remark; she was sitting with her face buried in her hands, murmuring, "After that thou shalt cut it down;—*after that!*" Then she looked eagerly at Minnie, and said abruptly:

"You told me you were accustomed to pray frequently: will you pray *now*, and *for me?*"

"I wish I dared, Margaret," said Minnie, sadly; "but it would be a serious thing to pray now."

"So it would, dear!" was the desponding reply, "for perhaps the cutting down would be *after that!*" and Maggie wept bitterly. At length she rose, and folded up her work, saying, "I am going home, Minnie. I shall be no company for you now, I am so miserable; but I mean to pray this prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' There is nothing in my past but sin; nothing in my present but self-condemnation; but O, Jesus, hear and save!"

Very affectionately the girls parted, and as Minnie closed the street-door after her friend, her heart was full of sympathy and anxiety for her; but when she re-entered the parlour, and tried to compose herself, the words of Margaret rung in her ears, "I do hope *my after that* is not decided."

Minnie had received a new idea on the subject of personal responsibility: she had certainly been impressed to a certain degree by the lesson Maggie alluded to, but hitherto she had only compared herself with herself, and she began to feel it was "not wise." She reached her Bible, and turning to the thirteenth chapter of Luke, she read carefully the parable of the barren fig-tree. Then she recalled what had been said as to its primary application to the Jews; she remembered the gracious dealings of God with them as a nation, and how He looked for fruit, and found only "wild grapes;" and how at length they were delivered into the hands of their enemies. But she could not stop here; she was compelled to think of what Miss W—— had said in reference to themselves; and as she recalled the intense earnestness of Maggie's expressions, a terrible anxiety took possession of her, lest *she* herself should have had her *last opportunity*. "*After that!*" she said, "O Lord, for Christ's sake, give me one more chance!"

Then Minnie tried again to think quietly. What was it the owner of the tree required? Only its seasonable fruit; failing to receive this, it was natural to wish it out of the

way. I wonder why "the Dresser" should wish it spared; he has had all the trouble, all the anxiety, all the watching, I wonder he did not at once cut it down and get rid of responsibility. The thought had passed through her mind in less time than it could be spoken, and immediately came such a revelation of the love of God in Christ, that Minnie was amazed that in her blindness she had never discovered it before. Another rejection of such grace and mercy she could not think of; "How Jesus must have loved me!" she said, "and I see even at the end He would delay His wrath, and when He says, 'After that,' He does not say *I will*, but '*thou shalt* cut it down.' Truly, judgment is 'His strange work.'"

Never, in what Minnie called her "best days," had she been brought to this point; it is true she had been a student of the Bible, but her desire was to gratify her intellect, to inform her mind; no wonder she was led to remark, "*It has never made me a Christian;*" she had not sought to find in it the way of salvation through Christ. That was a profitable season to Minnie, and she realized her deep spiritual need, and how that need could be met in Christ Jesus the Saviour. When she tried to pray, words came not, but the silent pleading of her almost bursting heart was heard and answered; for was it not the voice of the Holy Spirit within her? She also prayed for her friend, and longed to be able to say to her, "Maggie, there is a space between; spare it yet a little while, and 'After that;'" but it was too late to-night, she would seek her early on the next day. She put her resolution into practice, and went to Margaret's home. Margaret was busy with household duties, and could only just spare her a few minutes, so they went into the little garden, and lost no time in desultory remarks.

"Come to the point, Minnie," said Margaret, "I can see you have something to say."

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "I want to say that 'this year also,' means another season for fruit; so do not imagine the 'After that' is decided. '*If it bear fruit, well!*' O, Maggie, I have reason to bless God for what you said to me, and now I would say to you, 'Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.'"

"Dear Minnie!" was the reply, "last night, when I left you, I went down the lane at the side of our house, and I prayed my prayer, and told Jesus how dreadfully sorry I was that all His care had been lost upon me, but I just wanted Him to care for me still. I knew I had been spared, because *He prayed for me*, and while I thought,—

> "I now from all my sins would turn
> To my atoning God;
> And look on Him I pierced, and mourn,
> And feel the sprinkled blood;"

it seemed that I really did *look and believe;* and I went home perfectly tranquillized, and since that moment I seem to *rest* on *Jesus.* I have no fear now of 'After that thou shalt cut it down,' but I pray that I may be a fruit-bearing tree."

"I wish we could have a long talk," said Minnie, "but your mother is calling you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Minnie, we will pray for each other."

As Minnie P—— walked gently homewards, she repeated the verse:—

> "Merciful God, how shall we raise
> Our hearts to pay Thee all Thy praise?
> Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone;
> Our lives shall make Thy goodness known;
> Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,
> A living sacrifice divine."

ANNIE'S CONVERSION.

"I AM thoroughly vexed, annoyed, ay, almost wild," said Annie W—— ; and Annie stamped her little foot in order to give emphasis to her excited speech. "Do you think I would have condescended to invite her, if I had for a moment supposed she would refuse me?"

"I am not surprised, Annie," said Sophy A—— ; "don't you remember I told you you would not like her so well after she was converted?"

"Now, Sophy; that is so like you!" returned Annie; "you must always bring your superior judgment and penetration to my notice."

"I beg your pardon, Annie," said Sophy, quietly; "I had an impression that I warned you, but it does not signify."

"Yes, it does signify," said Annie, still more angrily; "when I am overwhelmed with mortification at having done a silly thing, you take the opportunity of reminding me, that if I am insulted, I have no one to blame but myself."

Sophy did not reply, for she was anxious not to offend Annie W—— ; it was so pleasant to be occasionally invited to spend an afternoon with her; for although Annie and Sophy were both daughters of respectable tradespeople, Annie only rejoiced in a pretty little country home. Then Annie herself, though somewhat impetuous in speech, and of wilful temper, was truly a loveable girl, and her society was sought by all the members of the Bible-class to which she

belonged. Most of the girls in the class were of the same rank in life, and, as a rule, no invidious distinctions were made. If sometimes a remark escaped about "*only little tradespeople,*" it was sure to be coldly received, and the speaker would at once understand, that they met in that little vestry on common ground. Annie and Sophy having reached their destination, entered the room appropriated to the class. They were this afternoon the first arrivals; both bent the knee as if for private prayer, but it was quickly evident that the prayer was *only a form;* for scarcely off her knees, Annie exclaimed,—

"Well, I am sure if conversion makes people unamiable and disagreeable, I do not wish to be converted."

"Neither do I," returned Sophy; "but, Annie, I fancy Miss E—— has great hopes of you."

A deep flush dyed the cheeks of Annie, and as footsteps were heard approaching, she hurriedly said,—

"Sophy, what a marvellous faculty you have for making speeches that cause uncomfortable feelings."

Several other young people now entered the room, accompanied by the lady who conducted the class. Having made a few kind inquiries, Miss E—— took her seat at the head of the table; and after a short silence, rose and gave out a hymn, and soon the clear voices of the girls were sweetly blended in the song of praise. All outward differences were for the time forgotten, and the afternoon passed pleasantly and rapidly. The subject of the Bible-lesson had that day been finished; so before dismissing her pupils, Miss E—— asked if any of them would suggest a subject for the following Sabbath. There was a long pause, and then a very modest-looking girl said,—

"If no one else will, I should very much like to do so."

"Very well, Alice," said Miss E——, "but let me know it quickly, for our time is up, and this room is wanted."

"It is only one verse, Ma'am," said Alice; "and it is Romans xii. 2."

Miss E—— smiled kindly at Annie, and then repeated aloud, "Romans xii. 2, for our lesson next Sunday," she moved away, followed by the girls, and the little room was soon empty. Once outside, the girls walked down the street in twos and threes, all opening their Bibles to see what the verse was that Alice had chosen; and from every group one voice might be heard reading, "And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

No one ventured to make a remark, beyond "How strange!" or, "Well, I never!" but never before, probably, had that exhortation of Paul seemed to them so full of meaning. Poor Annie W—— was sadly discomposed; and, declining all the offers made by her young friends to accompany her across the fields, she bade good-bye to all, and once out of sight, indulged in the luxury of tears.

"O!" thought Annie, "if only Wednesday were over, I would not care!"

Wednesday would be Annie's birthday, and her indulgent parents had granted, what had been a frequent request of their child, permission to have a birthday-party, with a ball in the evening. Annie had been brimful of pleasure and glad anticipation, until Alice M—— declined the invitation she received to be present on the occasion. By their young companions, Alice was considered to be lower in the social scale than Annie, and yet, of all the girls in the Bible-class, she was the most frequent visitor at "The Glen," which was the name of Annie's country home. Lately, Alice had learned to love Jesus, and had been affectionately concerned for the spiritual welfare of Annie; but whenever she wished to speak on the subject, Annie would playfully tell her

that conversion was a theme she did not intend to talk about, and she was sure that nothing would ever make Alice more gentle, humble, and dear than she had always been. It was not until she found that Alice would not be in her party, that she realized how great was the difference between herself and her friend. For a few days she tried to imagine herself deeply injured, and very warmly did she express her opinion to Sophy A—— ; but, poor girl! she was ill at ease, and was truly relieved when the birthday fête was at an end, and she could retire to her own room.

Once there, she retraced the events of the week ; she tried to analyze her own feelings, and wondered why the simple fact that Alice M—— had chosen that text as the subject for a Bible-lesson should have so disturbed her. When Annie awoke in the morning, she felt sad and weary, and as she knelt down to repeat her usual form of devotion, a strange impulse moved her to put it on one side, and in sincere penitence to cry, "Father, I have sinned! save me!"

The Holy Spirit had begun His work, and her conscience felt and owned its guilt. Until Friday afternoon she told no one of her feelings ; then she determined to go and have a talk with her Sunday teacher. She met with a cordial welcome, and was at once taken by Miss E—— to her private room, and told that she should stay to tea, and they would have it cozily together. Annie's heart bounded with gratitude, while her eyes filled with tears. She very frequently took tea with Miss E——, but never before had they been alone together, and Annie thought she recognized a providential leading. It was early yet, so Miss E—— drew a chair towards the window and took her work, inviting Annie to sit by her. Annie did so, and then in her usual impetuous manner exclaimed,—

"Miss E——, Sophy A—— says you have 'great hopes of me ;' what does she mean ?"

"What do *you* think she means, my dear?" asked Miss E——.

"Why, I suppose she means you expect to convert me," said Annie.

"Then she is wrong, my dear; conversion is not in my power, that is the work of God's Holy Spirit."

"Well, but, Miss E——, have you hopes of me? because I must tell you I don't want to be converted yet."

"Why not, Annie? You know delays are very dangerous; 'behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.'"

"Look here, teacher; there will be *so much to give up!* I couldn't do it."

Miss E—— repeated, "God so loved the world, that *He gave* His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

There was silence for a few moments, then Annie said, "You see, I like fun, and I do a lot of things, perhaps not exactly right, but perfectly harmless in their way, but my sort of people laugh and say, 'What a jolly girl Annie W—— is;' but you know, Miss E——, that if it were only known amongst the Methodists that I had been playing tricks, all the old women would go whispering about, 'O dear! have you heard about Miss W——? she is shockingly inconsistent; the Minister ought to speak to her.'"

Miss E—— did not immediately reply, for the flippant tone of Annie's remarks pained her: so Annie added, "Sophy A—— says that converted people never even go out to tea but they finish up with a prayer-meeting;" and the girl laughed merrily.

"Annie, darling," said Miss E——, tenderly, "do not jest when you know your heart is aching sadly. Will you tell me what you understand by conversion?"

"Yes, Miss E——; I think it means turning from wicked

ways, and doing that which is lawful and right, and saving my soul alive."

The tea was now brought in, and for a time conversation ceased.

During tea, Miss E—— asked, "Annie, have you ever been in this room before?"

"I think not," was the reply.

"It was formerly a lumber-room; all the broken furniture of the house found its way here; there were heaps of old books and empty bottles, and worn-out baskets. Indeed, Annie, it was quite amusing to see the miscellaneous articles that were turned out. Then the windows were only strips of glass quite high up in the wall, and nobody ever thought of cleaning them; darkness did just as well as light for such a room. It is rather different now, is it not?"

"Yes, Miss E——; I have been thinking what a lovely little boudoir it is, and how elegantly simple all the furniture is."

"Wouldn't it be strange, Annie, if the housemaid were to come to this room to search for empty bottles or worn-out books?"

"She would never so forget herself, Miss E——."

"No, my dear, for this reason, *the room has been converted.* It is no longer a place for lumber."

A bright gleam of intelligence flashed in Annie's eyes, but as they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, she only said, "O, Miss E——, I see what you mean."

When they were again alone, Annie told Miss E—— that she understood now that conversion implied *a thorough change;* and she supposed if her heart was turned to Jesus, she should no longer care for the follies that she had formerly loved. Then followed an earnest conversation, in which Miss E—— explained how conversion implied a change of mind, a change of purpose, and a change of

nature. She told her to read some of the descriptions given of the change by the Apostle, directing her to the following contrasts: Ephesians ii. 12, 13; John v. 24; 2 Corinthians v. 17. Together they read the account of the conversion of the Philippian jailer, and God's Spirit was abundantly vouchsafed to them, and Annie W—— humbly, and penitently, and believingly accepted the offers of mercy through Christ Jesus, and rejoiced in the knowledge of remission of sins through the atoning sacrifice. With many tears she told Miss E—— the history of the struggles of the last few days, and how all through the evening of her birthday Alice M——'s text haunted her. She knew it only referred to the *believers* in the class, but she could not shake it off. "And now, Miss E——," she continued, "I came to-day to ask you just to talk to me about that text *before* Sunday, and I have not said a word about it yet."

"Never mind, my dear; God willing, we shall meet on Sunday: just let me show you a verse of a hymn that occurred to me when you began to talk."

Miss E—— passed a book to Annie, and she read,—

"Our pleasure and our duty,
Though opposite before,
Since we have seen His beauty,
Are joined to part no more."



ROSA'S CHRISTMAS INVITATIONS.

"I WONDER whether we shall be invited to any Christmas or New Year's party," said Edith B——.

"O, I hope we shall go *somewhere*," replied her sister Amy, to whom the observation was addressed. "But," she added, "I do not think our class is so united as formerly."

"You have made that remark before," returned Edith, "but I cannot agree with you. There are a few who have taken to be 'righteous overmuch,' but even these are on the whole vastly agreeable."

"But then these girls were *the* cream of the class," said Amy, "and did not need any more religion; fancy, now, Annie W——, Rosa M——, and dear gentle Alice M——."

"I wonder! yes, I wonder if either of those girls will have a party!" said Edith.

At this moment Mr. B—— opened the door between his shop and the parlour where his girls were sitting at needle-work, and announced "Miss Rosa M——." Both girls jumped up to welcome their friend, and at once removed her out-door clothing, declaring she should stay to tea. Rosa was not unwilling, for she had "been running about all day," she said, "and this is to be my last visit, Edith, before I return home. But I did not come here last, because I loved you least."

"No, indeed!" replied Edith; "it was because you knew we girls were alone."

"Rosie!" exclaimed Amy, "how well your name suits

you! As you sit there looking so bright and cheerful, one would think you and care had never met."

"Then, dear Amy, you would think wrongly; care and I have met; but, thank God! we have now parted. Of course I mean *anxious* care, not cautious care."

Amy reddened, but replied lightly, "*We* were full of care just now, discussing the probability of any invitations for this Christmas."

Rosa laughed merrily, and said, "My party will be on the 26th of December; will you two girls favour me with your company on the occasion? I am glad my invitation is the first you have received."

Both girls assured her they had no doubt that their father would allow them to go to her house. "He never has refused," said Amy. "Only, last year he said we were never to ask permission again to go to Ellen R——'s parties, for we were not home until three in the morning."

The girls now rose to prepare the tea, and presently Mr. B—— and his son came in and joined the party. There was plenty of laughing and talking then; until Mr. B—— said, "Rosie, I heard such an unbelievable thing about you!"

"Did you, Mr. B——? When?"

"Just now. After you went through the shop, a customer I was serving asked, 'Is that Rosa M——? I heard she had turned Methodist!'"

"And what did you say, Mr. B——?" asked Rosa, blushing deeply.

"Well," was the reply, "I said it was Rosa; but in my opinion you had too much good sense to turn Methodist, especially at Christmas-time."

"Thank you, Sir," said Rosa, shortly; and then Amy hurriedly introduced the subject of the party, and asked if she and her sister could be spared on the evening of the 26th of December.

"Your mother will not be home," said Mr. B——; "but George and I will manage for once; or possibly *we* may go out."

As soon as the girls were alone, Edith said, "Rosie, dear! I am so sorry for what father said."

"Never mind, Edith. I shall get quite accustomed to that sort of thing; do come and sit down, and let me tell you the adventures of this day."

"O, that will be nice!" said Amy, throwing herself down on the hearthrug, while Edith and Rosa drew low stools to the fireside. "Now, then, 'Once upon a time,' etc."—

"I, little Rosa M——, thought to have a party, and so this being a bright, cheery morning, I determined to carry my own invitations. I went first to Annie W——, and was shown into a pretty little room, 'the library,' the servant called it; but there were not many books about. Annie's desk was there, and on the table lay a half-sheet of paper, upon which Annie had been scribbling. My attention was arrested by the word 'Conformity,' written in large letters, and underneath that was 'Transformed,' and then again, 'Conformed means similar or like.' 'Transformed means changed, altered.'"

"Poor Annie!" said Edith, "she had been troubling herself about that lesson; but go on, Rosa."

"I was rather overcome; for you know, girls, it was that lesson on worldly conformity that first led me to realize *my need of a Saviour;* but I won't talk about that. Annie came in, and swept all her papers into her desk. We chatted a bit, and I told my errand. She shaded her eyes with her hand, and said, 'Dear! my mind is so exercised about these coming parties. You know how fond I am of society, and I have always gone where I have been asked; but now I must make a difference, for I wish to "walk circumspectly."' 'So do I, dear,' I replied, 'and there will be nothing going

on at our house that can at all grieve you, for, by God's grace, I mean to keep "my conscience as the noonday clear."' 'O, I will come to your house, Rosa,' she said, 'but I was thinking of the whole question. I have been asking myself, How far is it right to follow my natural inclinations? and for answer I have this text: "For ye are not your own, fo ye are bought with a price: *therefore* glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."' I felt serious, but I told her I thought if we sought to be guided by God's Holy Spirit, we should not be permitted to go far wrong; and then I came away."

"And where did you go next?" asked Amy.

"To see Sophy A——. She was not in an amiable mood, so I quickly told my errand, and she exclaimed, '*Your* party, Miss M——! I am astonished to hear of anything so worldly!' I said, 'Parties are not necessarily worldly, as I understand the term; I hope mine will be pleasant, profitable, and merry.' 'Thank you,' she said; 'as I am still *in the world*, I beg to decline the honour you intend me.'"

"The silly girl!" said Amy; "well, where next?"

"To Jessie, who delightedly accepted my invitation; and then, after I got out of the door, she called me back, and whispered mysteriously, 'Shall I bring my dancing-slippers?' I soon assured her they would not be needed, and then I went to Ellen R——."

"I am quite convinced *she* would not visit you," interrupted Amy; "I have heard her say so several times."

"Her first question," continued Rosa, "was, 'Will Sophy be with you?' I told her Sophy had declined, and then she said, 'With thanks to you, I beg to decline.' 'For what reason, Ellen?' I asked. She made me a mocking curtsey, and said, 'Worldly conformity is the sin of the professing Church! While there is so little difference manifested between worldlings and Christians, how can we expect to be

"taken knowledge of?" etc.' I was so upset, I could have cried; but I ran straight away to dear gentle Alice M——."

"Ah! she would cheer you," said Edith; "she has had plenty of that sort of thing to bear."

"Yes, indeed! but she said nothing about herself, but thought we ought to be so thankful that neither Sophy nor Ellen had forgotten that Bible-lesson. She says she believes more good will yet come out of it; for their consciences are troubled, which is the Holy Spirit's work, and that same Spirit will, if we ask Him, 'wash the troubled hearts in the atoning blood.'"

"I think it is great nonsense of those girls," said Edith; "they will feel more uncomfortable than ever on the evening of the party."

"Of course Alice promised to come, and my next four invitations were pleasingly accepted. My next call was on Emma W——. She accepted, but said, 'Of course, Miss W—— and Alice M—— will not be with you.' I assured her they would, and she said, 'On Sunday I said to Annie, "we shall all be thinking of dances and parties next week;" and she replied, "O, Ellen! I am a Christian now; and I must not be ashamed of my colours; I shall go to no party where dancing is introduced."' 'All right, Emma,' I said; 'they will come.'"

"Then I suppose we are the next," said Amy.

No, dear Amy; the most painful case of all I have yet to tell you. Poor Miss H——!"

"Is she ill?" asked both girls at once.

"Not in body; but I was going to say spiritually she is *grievously* sick. She will not come to the party, for 'the governor' has promised all the assistants a grand ball on the twenty-sixth. A large warehouse is being cleared, cleaned, and decorated for the occasion; and Miss H—— says she has promised to dance with a certain individual that I know.

I begged her to change her determination. I reminded her that she had once told me of a promise made to a dying mother, that she would be 'a companion of all them who fear God.' Then she said what terribly startled me: 'Yes, Miss M—— ; I was different then, but *I lost my Christianity by joining your Bible-class.*' 'O! Miss H——,' I said; 'what would dear Miss E—— say?' 'I cannot help it,' she said; 'it is quite true! I came amongst you a stranger; you received me kindly; you walked and talked with me; you invited me to your houses; I was with you in all sorts of meetings, and never once did I hear anything, or see anything, that would lead me to suppose that to any of you the Saviour of sinners was in any way precious, or the Word of God the lamp to your feet and the light to your path. We had good, heart-searching Bible-lessons, and we came out of the vestry and forgot all we had heard; and gradually I grew as careless as the rest of you, and entered as eagerly into worldly pleasures. Why, I never danced in my life until I went to a party in this town, and that at the house of a professing Christian. Now I love dancing; and as I am about joining a dancing-class, I shall give up the Bible-class.' I was so shocked," continued Rosa, "that I could only blunder out, 'What will Miss E—— say?' and as Miss H—— was obliged to attend to a customer, I came away."

"O, Rosa!" said Edith, with tears in her eyes, "I never felt before how much responsibility rests upon us as members of that Bible-class. We 'know the right, and yet the wrong pursue;' and yet even to-day I was thinking that you, Alice M——, and Annie W——, since your conversion, have been rather 'righteous overmuch.'"

"Dear Edith, no! But I must go home; only I wish Amy would play 'Euphony,' and let us sing,—

'Would Jesus have the sinner die?'"

While Amy got her music, Rosa said, "This is my verse, Edith,—

'O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, *even I*, have mercy found.'"

Before the girls separated, Edith told Rosa, that as far as she could, she would endeavour to check unkind remarks amongst the girls, and, *if possible*, she would herself be a Christian.

"It is possible, dear Edith, for 'This Man receiveth sinners' still."

"ALMOST A CHRISTIAN."

"I DO so wish I were a Christian!" said Mary W—— to her teacher; "it would be so nice if I could just get up some morning, and feel I was all right and safe for heaven."

"Indeed, Mary," replied the lady, "I should be very far from satisfied that such an experience was to be trusted."

"Why not, Ma'am?" asked Mary.

"Because, my dear, you would very likely get up another morning, and feel all wrong, and *safe for hell!*"

"Do you think so, Miss W——?"

"I do, indeed! feeling alone is no criterion of your spiritual state; but I would rather talk to you now about your first wish; you say you wish you were a Christian?"

"Yes, teacher; not a stiff, starchy one, like Mrs. ——, nor yet a soft, smooth-spoken, gliding creature like —"

"Stop, Mary! I cannot allow you to make such personal allusions. Tell me what sort of a Christian you wish to be."

Mary hesitated; and Miss W—— asked, "Do you remember when the term Christian was first used?"

"Yes, teacher; it is said in the Acts of the Apostles that 'the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.'"

"And do you know why the name was given?"

"I think you have told us it was probably meant as a term of reproach, because Christ was the theme of their conversation and preaching."

"Just so, Mary; and they preached eternal salvation *through Him.* Paul and Barnabas had been a whole year in

Antioch, assembling the people whenever they could, and 'exhorting them with purpose of heart' to 'cleave unto the Lord.' The name given them was singularly appropriate, and has from that time been used to designate the true people of God, whether collectively or individually. We say, a Christian man or woman, a Christian Society, or, the Christian Church."

"Yes, Ma'am; and this is called a Christian country, but all the people in it are not Christians by a long way."

"No, Mary; and very likely at the present day you would scarcely find a community of people anywhere, where every individual of the community had a right to the name Christian, in its primary and accepted meaning of a follower of Christ—walking in His steps, imbibing His spirit, and making known His salvation."

"That is the sort of Christian I want to be," said Mary; "I would not make a profession merely to be thought well of, like—"

"Stop, Mary! I will not have names."

"Well, teacher, you know we girls cannot help seeing who are real Christians, and who are not; and it is natural to us to make remarks upon it. But I beg your pardon, and will not do it again. Will you tell me what Mr. J—— meant on Sunday when he said to you, 'Look after M——; she is *almost a Christian*?'"

"I understood him to mean, that she had serious desires and purposes, and was seeking to become more fully acquainted with the way of salvation. He might also mean to imply that the only thing she needed was decision of character."

"Ruth and I talked it over afterwards," said Mary, "and we wondered if anybody could be that. I said, 'Perhaps going to prayer-meeting, and class-meetings, and being always at chapel, might make us almost Christians;' but I knew it did not make real ones, or else I should be one."

"And what did Ruth think of that?"

"She said that King Agrippa was almost a Christian, but she did not think he was saved."

"The term is not a correct one, although often used," said Miss W——. "As regards Agrippa, it is altogether wrong; his words were, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' The story of the Cross had so affected him, that he was almost persuaded to embrace the profession of Christianity; but that he was almost a Christian, neither he nor any one else at that time imagined. Depend upon it, my dear, there are but two distinct classes of people, the believer and the unbeliever; the saved and the unsaved; the wise and the foolish."

"But, teacher, is there no difference between the penitent and the impenitent?"

"Yes, Mary; all the difference that can be imagined: in the true penitent, that work of grace has begun of which St. Paul speaks to the Philippians, when he says, 'Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform' (perfect) 'it until the day of Jesus Christ.' There is no sinner so penitent as a pardoned sinner; it is when we believe that the guilt of our sin was laid upon Jesus; when we realize *the love of God in Christ*, as manifested towards us, in that 'while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us,' we learn to hate the sin that needed such a sacrifice.

'Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.'"

Mary was deeply serious now, and after a short silence said, with a sigh, "Well, dear Miss W——, I do indeed *wish* to be a Christian, but it seems hard work."

"The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing," was the quiet reply.

The tears slowly gathered in the eyes of Mary, for the Spirit of God was now convincing her of her real condition before Him Who "searcheth the heart," and all her self-satisfaction was fading away.

"Teacher," she said at length, "I came to-day because I thought I was almost saved; and that, if you talked to me, and prayed to God for me, I should just feel comfortable and happy: and now I am worse than ever I thought myself; but will you pray?"

"Yes, Mary; only let us quite understand what we want. Am I to plead that you have been to preachings, to Bible-classes, and prayer-meetings, till you are almost a Christian, and now you come to Jesus to have the transformation completed?"

"No, indeed," said Mary.

"Well, then, Mary, am I to ask the Lord to make you a Christian, but not like Mrs. —— or Miss ——?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Mary, and then going down on her knees, she sobbed, "Lord, save me! anyhow! anywhere! but *be merciful to me a sinner.*"

O, how earnestly the teacher and her scholar sought unto God! and if Mary did not leave her teacher rejoicing in the assurance of sin forgiven, she left with a deep sense of her soul's great need, and a dim appreciation of the Love that could break the stubborn heart; and of the efficacy of *the blood that "cleanseth from all sin."* For many, many days she struggled with her disposition to compare herself with others, but at length she comprehended how the great, "the common salvation," could only be obtained by those who would plead,—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!"

Dear Mary! now indeed she rejoiced in the assurance that she was safe; but it was not a matter of *feeling* merely, her *faith* rested on the Atoning Sacrifice; she no longer troubled herself as to whether she were like this one or the other, but her earnest desire was to be like Jesus.

It was many years after Mary had become "a new creature" in Christ Jesus, that she said to her former teacher, "I find so many young people resting in the outward form of religion, and in attachment to ordinances, and then imagining there is little to be done, they are 'almost Christians.' O, Miss W——, I so often tell the story of my conversion!"

And I, too, know many young people who rest short of the vital change; they are amongst the most regular attendants on the means of grace; they will collect for all sorts of good works; they will be busy at tea-meetings and Dorcas-meetings, and to many appear to be warm-hearted Christian girls, but they have not "passed from death unto life," they have not accepted the offers of mercy, simply because they have never felt the need of mercy. To one of these dear young people I lately said,—

"May the New Year find you a Christian."

"O," was the reply, "I hope so; for I am *almost* that now."

What did she think? Probably that time would work the desirable change. Vain hope! Jesus only is the ground of hope. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven."



IS LUCY V—— SINCERE?

"I BEGIN to question the reality of Lucy's conversion," said Amelia A——, to a young fellow-teacher; "if such an important change had taken place, she would be far more quiet and sedate."

"I was just going to ask you if you thought Lucy V—— was sincere," was the reply; "I met her just down the lane, and she was as merry as ever; she did not look at all as if she had just found religion."

"Ah! it will be very sad if she makes a false profession," was the reply again; "it will do more harm than we can conceive, because she is such a favourite in the senior class."

"She seems to have a great friend in your father, Miss A——, had you not better warn him?"

"I will think about it," said Amelia; and the two friends parted, both doubtless being very much concerned about Lucy's sincerity.

The next evening, Amelia A—— addressed her father in the same words with which she had addressed her friend.

"Father, do you know I begin to doubt the reality of Lucy's conversion."

"What!" said Mr. A——, quickly. "Why do you doubt her?"

"Had such an important change taken place, she would certainly be more quiet and sedate."

Mr. A—— was the intelligent and devoted superintendent of a North Country Sunday-school, and lately his heart had been gladdened by manifest tokens for good amongst the

junior teachers and senior scholars. Amongst the latter was Lucy V—— ; and Mr. A—— had been much pleased by the straightforward testimony for Jesus which the girl had given. She had believed with her whole heart, and she had both "*joy* and peace in believing." At the moment his daughter spoke, Mr. A—— was thinking how he would write to a friend in the south, and try to encourage her, by telling of the change of heart experienced by Lucy V—— ; for the first seeds of Gospel truth had been dropped many years ago, when Lucy was resident in the south, and Mr. A—— knew that his friend's heart would greatly rejoice to hear that her former scholar had "believed unto salvation."

The remarks of his daughter startled him ; for a moment he looked steadily at her, and then, as Amelia did not again speak, he asked, "What do you know wrong of Lucy?"

"Nothing exactly wrong, father ; but you know she was such a giggling, flighty girl, and I expected the change in her would be so great, that she would not be like the same person."

"And you find she is like herself still. *Is that all, Milly?*"

Milly did not relish the tone of her father's voice, she understood him so well, and conscience told her that both look and tone said plainly, "Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things."

There was a rather awkward silence ; Mrs. A—— broke it by asking. "Milly dear, will you take the baby?"

Amelia rose, and received her little brother from the mother's arms ; the child was well pleased with the change, and in sundry baby ways testified his delight and satisfaction. Mr. A——'s attention was caught. He began to play with him, remarking at the same time, "You little rogue! *only born* a few weeks ago, and yet daring to laugh ; why are you not quiet and sedate? O fie, baby! do not laugh yet! wait until you are of the demure age of sister Milly."

Milly blushed deeply. "Father!" she said, "you are really too bad."

"Put him down, my dear, and let him walk to me."

"You know he cannot, father; you are trying to tease me."

"Cannot walk!" said Mr. A——, in feigned surprise; "well, then, let him crawl; I think children do crawl before they walk, don't they, mother?"

Mrs. A—— laughed, and Amelia replied, "He is far too young to do anything so clever."

"Nothing but laugh?" said Mr. A——; "Milly, my dear, I must begin to question the reality of his birth."

"You cannot, father, for here he is, every part perfect."

"Do you call this little fellow perfection? His legs are worth nothing, evidently; and these little chubby hands could not move this inkstand; and he has not sufficient sense to know that if he threw it over, the ink would spoil his white frock. He cannot even sing me one of the songs of Zion. A pretty state of perfection, surely!"

Milly looked more and more confused; at length she said, "Father, little Willie is *a perfect baby*, only his powers are not fully developed; if we care for him tenderly, and give him proper and sufficient nourishment, his limbs will grow and strengthen, and his intellect will expand. I know he will be an observant child, and as veritable a little imitator as any baby before him. Then you see, father, he will make acquaintance with objects and their qualities; he will find out that fire burns, that water is wet, that jam is sweet, and ink black, etc., etc.," and Milly finished her speech with a very hearty laugh.

Mr. A—— smiled, but asked quietly, "Have you taken my meaning, Milly?"

"Yes, father, from the first. I know well what you wish to teach me."

"My dear, do you remember the day of your spiritual birth?"

"Yes, I do, gladly and gratefully."

"Was it a very great change, Milly?"

"Yes, indeed; it was from dense darkness to marvellous light, from whirlpools of despair to steady trust in Jesus; there seemed solid ground under me, but I was afraid even to sing, lest my feet should slip off it."

"And so you walked quietly and sedately, you tremblingly *watched your own steps*, you were unable to rejoice that you had found a foundation, lest in the excitement of joy you should miss your footing. Ah! but, my child, there is a 'more excellent way,' and I trust you are even now learning it. Christ Jesus 'left us an example, that we should *follow His steps*.' Do you not see the difference? Where *He* stood, you may stand safely. Just seeing the footprints of the Saviour, you may *follow on*, meditating or rejoicing, praying or praising; and He will not suffer thy steps to slide, nor thy foot to be moved."

"I can see, father," said Amelia, humbly; "I expected more from Lucy than I ought, seeing she is but just 'created anew in Christ Jesus;' and I forgot that her natural disposition was quite the opposite of mine. I will try to remember she is but a babe in Christ, and we must expect she will make many mistakes."

"Very likely she will, Milly; but don't watch for her mistakes, rather watch for her spiritual growth and development; depend upon it, Lucy V—— is on the right ground, she looks as happy as the day is long; and I have no hesitation in saying that through grace her understanding will be more enlightened, her spiritual perceptions quickened, and she will find she cannot touch pitch without being defiled, or walk upon hot coals without being burned; and very soon, I trust, will be—

> 'Quick as the apple of an eye
> The slightest touch of sin to feel.'"

"I acknowledge I was wrong to remark upon Lucy as I did; but you see, father, my feelings were so different; I was so *awed;* indeed, looking back to that wonderful time, I experience the same emotion,—

'The speechless awe that dares not move.'"

"Just so, Milly; and Lucy seems rather to be always singing for joy: I met her just before I came in, and I said, 'Well, Lucy, what news?' and with beaming eye she answered,—

'In the Heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His Name;'—

and I am not sure whether *the feet* kept quite still."

Several weeks after the conversation now recorded, Amelia A—— said to her father, "Father, I have once more to state my impressions to you."

"Heigho! what now, Miss Milly? Has little Willie conquered his alphabet, and learned to run?"

"No, father, but Lucy V—— walks circumspectly, and I thought you would like to hear it."

"I am glad to hear *you* say it, Milly; I have been satisfied about it myself; for in the simplicity of her trust, she has brought me her difficulties and temptations, and as the Spirit has taught me, so I have counselled her. God bless her! I should be grieved indeed if she lost her winning cheerfulness. The Lord lifts upon her the light of His countenance, and she is glad in Him."

After that, Mr. A—— hesitated no longer, but wrote an account of Lucy V—— to his friend in the south.

Dear young friends, have *you* accepted the offers of mercy through Christ Jesus? Have *you* "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace?" So have I: then let—

"The *joy* from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongues."

MY NAME; OR, HOW SHALL I KNOW?

THE members of Miss W——'s class were accustomed to have a question proposed to them each Sabbath afternoon, and during the week they were supposed to search the Scriptures for answers to such question, and on the next Sunday each pupil gave at least one reference. Should much interest be manifested in the subject so introduced, Miss W—— would make it the theme of conversation. In this manner she often obtained an insight into the thoughts and feelings of the girls under her charge, and was enabled to bring home to their consciences some of the all-important truths of the Gospel.

One morning there had been a long talk upon the possibility of *knowing* individually that they were saved. There was not one of the six girls who could testify from her own experience that redemption through the blood of Jesus was a realized fact, even "the forgiveness of sins," yet Miss W—— hoped that all were inquiring on the subject with an earnest desire to possess the assurance which yet they thought it very doubtful they could ever obtain. Miss W—— asked what evidence they wished for? What would convince them that the guilt of their sins was laid upon Jesus, and that by His stripes they were healed?

"O!" said one, "nothing, nothing but *a Voice* speaking to me would make me believe it."

"Yes," said another, "old Mrs. Webb told me that when

she was converted, she was praying hard one night and *she saw Jesus on the cross!* She saw Him distinctly, and she looked at Him earnestly, and at last, with a lovely smile, He said, 'Thy sins are forgiven.'"

All seemed to think this a very desirable experience, and one girl remarked, "I know now that I am not forgiven. Why shouldn't I know if I am?"

Before separating, Miss W—— asked them all to meet her in the afternoon, and she would then give them a subject for the following Sunday. They did so, and to each was given a strip of paper, upon which was written, "In John x. 3, Jesus Himself declares of the Good Shepherd, 'He calleth His own sheep by name.' Find references to prove that this is God's gracious method with the sheep of His fold."

We cannot follow the young folks to their homes, neither can we tell the thoughts that agitated their breasts while engaged in searching the Word of God; but on the Sabbath morning, all seemed prepared for the reverent discussion of the subject.

When the time arrived for the Bible-lesson, Miss W—— said, "I see by your faces as well as your papers that you have some references for me, so I think you shall read them all, and then we will talk upon this very interesting and important subject."

The passages read were the following:—"My sheep hear My voice." "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." "And the Lord said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace in My sight, and I know thee *by name!*" "Jesus said unto her, *Mary*." "*Simon, son of Jonas*, lovest thou Me?" "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee."

"And now," said Miss W——, as she made a memorandum of all the references brought her, "does any one know why I gave this subject?"

"O, yes!" all replied; "it was because we did not believe we could know whether we were God's children or not."

"And what do these texts prove?"

"This, teacher," said one, "that if I know my own name, I shall know if Jesus calls me."

"Yes," said another, "I chose that text, 'Jesus said unto her, Mary,' because my name is Mary, and if Jesus would call me as plainly, I *should* like it."

"Do you know any one who was called early in life, and called by name?"

"Samuel," was the reply; "but he did not know the Voice until Eli told him."

"Very true," said Miss W——, "but *he heard it*, and responded to the call readily; even three times he got out of his bed to inquire, so sure was he of *the Voice*, and of *his own name*, and when he had received instruction, he responded rightly, 'Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.' You, too, have often been called, and you *have known* the Voice; every sermon that has troubled your conscience, every Bible-lesson that has made you long to be a Christian, every sickness that has made you wonder if you should die, every grave that has opened to receive the body of a friend or companion, has been *Jesus calling to you*, and *you knew it;* the question is, have you yet responded to the call?"

Then, after a pause, the teacher added,—

"*I heard* the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Deep seriousness was on each countenance; but one girl, unwilling to give way to emotion, said carelessly, "My father says, 'Many are called, but few chosen.'"

"Yes, my dear, quite right, for Jesus Himself said it; take care that you are *one of the few.*"

"But, teacher, if Jesus doesn't choose me, how can I help it?"

"Many are called, and slight or *reject* the call; Jesus cannot choose them; *would you?* Others *accept* the call; not only *hear the Voice,* but *follow the Shepherd;* these He chooses. When Jesus said, 'Mary,' she immediately responded, 'Rabboni, or Master;' *she knew the Lord;* there was mutual recognition, 'I have called thee by thy name!' There are two or three thoughts suggested by this; first, it would seem to show superior position: the Master calls the servant by name, as He has a right to do; the servant gives the Master His title. Secondly, it manifests the familiarity of friendship: it is a privilege we grant those with whom we are on intimate terms, and from them it is sweet and gratifying. What said Jesus to His disciples? 'I have called you friends;' 'I have called thee by thy name.' Again, it may betoken filial relationship; for said the Lord of those who take hold of the covenant, 'Even unto them will I give in Mine house and within My walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters.' 'And because ye are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.' Here, again, there is mutual recognition; God says, 'My child! My people!' we respond, 'My Father! my God!'

"'My Father God!' that gracious sound
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.'"

"And now, Mary Ann," said Miss W—— to a quiet-looking girl, who had scarcely made a remark, but had given eager attention to all, "read your reference again, and tell me what you think of it."

Mary Ann read, "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee."

Encouraged to speak out her thoughts, Mary Ann said, "When I first found that text, I thought it wouldn't do, because there was nothing in it about *my name;* but then I remembered the first time I went to London, I was frightened when we went into the tunnel: I was only a very little girl, and everybody left off talking, and I felt afraid to speak, but I put out my hand to feel for my mother, and presently I felt her hand, and she took hold of mine, and kept it. Before that, I had been wishing she would only just say, 'All right, Mary Ann;' but when she had hold of my hand, I felt all right, though she did not speak."

"And did you not once think, 'Perhaps, after all, this is not my mother's hand, but a stranger's?'"

"O dear no!" she said, excitedly; "I knew her hand, *there is a way about it:* I should know it if I woke out of sleep in the darkest night."

"And so," said Miss W——, "you believe that even without hearing the voice and your name, *if you could feel the grasp of the Saviour's hand,* you would be sure you were safe? Do you think there would be any difficulty in recognising His touch?"

"O no, teacher; *and I think I do!*"

This paper will, I fear, exceed its limits, so I will only add that many months elapsed before Miss W—— had reason to

believe that the girls whom she taught had experienced that blessed change which is known among us by the term "conversion;" but at length some of the number gladly testified, "being justified by faith, *I* have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their *names*,
His bosom bears the tender lambs."





A WOMAN'S ORNAMENTS.

On a clear frosty Saturday evening, in the month of December, 185—, two young women were walking briskly up the High-Street of the provincial town in which they dwelt. Suddenly their steps were arrested by the sight of an immense placard, which was occupying a conspicuous place in a shop-window, and was headed: "To all Young Women." It proved to be an announcement, that on Sunday evening, a special sermon would be preached in the public lecture hall. The preacher was to be a man of note, and the subject of his discourse—"A Woman's Ornaments."

"What a queer subject for a sermon," said Susan R—— to her companion, Hetty L——. "I suppose they think women are more fond of ornaments than men are; but I don't know so much about that!"

"No, indeed," returned Hetty; "judging by the number of rings some of them sport, but 'All is not *gold* that glitters.'" And both girls laughed merrily, as if there was a personal allusion which both understood.

The friends walked on talking about the bill and its contents, till Susan asked,—

"Are you engaged to-morrow evening, Hetty?"

"Not particularly. Do you want to go to chapel?"

"I should like to; but don't say anything to Ben; he would try to laugh me out of it."

"It is many a long day since I went inside a place of

worship," said Hetty; "but if I made up my mind to go, nobody in the world would *laugh me* out of it."

"I can't stand being ridiculed," returned Susan. "I used to go regularly to church, morning and evening, but I confess I was laughed out of it."

"I went to a Sunday-school, and to chapel," said Hetty; "and at one time had very serious thoughts; but somehow I wanted to join other young people in Sunday parties of pleasure, and as I could not serve God and Mammon, I gave up the right, and chose the wrong. Since then, I have never ventured into a church or chapel."

"But, Hetty, you will come with me to-morrow?" pleaded Susan.

"I won't promise, but you can call; come and have your tea with me."

That night was to Hetty a night of painful memories; of deep conviction of sinfulness, of bitter self-condemnation. Many scenes of former days were vividly brought before her mental vision. Long-forgotten texts of Scripture, and verses of hymns, occurred to her, and she found it impossible to compose herself to sleep. Hour after hour she tossed restlessly about, sometimes murmuring, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" then speaking to herself, "What can I expect? I deliberately chose the broad road; I *knew* it led to eternal ruin, but *I chose it.* Ah! my teacher put it all plainly before me, and yet I was fool enough to prefer present, fleeting pleasure to future, eternal joy. I see it all now; indeed, I saw it then, but *I made my choice.* 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Dear me! the church-clock has just struck four; how shall I get to sleep? When I was a child, I used to say hymns to myself until I fell asleep. I wonder if I could think of one?" and Hetty began a former favourite:—

"Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,

I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.
And lest I should be ever led
In sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way."

To her surprise she could think of it all; and as no other directly presented itself, she commenced the same again, and before she finished it, fell asleep. Sunday morning was far advanced when Hetty awoke; her head ached sadly, and as she rose, the words were in her mind,—

"I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God."

But *not now*, thought Hetty, there is so much to do, and I am afraid it is late. Just then, the bells of a neighbouring church chimed for the morning service, and Hetty had her fire to light, her room to put in order, and her breakfast to get ready. Had you asked Hetty, how it was that she had all this to do, she would have told you, as she once told me, "She was *on her own hands*;" and very industrious, willing hands they were, and they earned a very comfortable maintenance. Indeed, Hetty sometimes boasted that she could dress as well as those who held higher places in the manufactory, and *her* things were not bought of a tally-man, but paid for at a respectable shop.

Hetty had been accustomed to spend her Sunday afternoons in reading light and cheap literature, and this day, as usual, she drew her chair to the fire, and took up the "Family Herald;" but the book had lost its attraction, and she dropped it on her lap, and sat perfectly still, gazing listlessly into the fire. But very busy were her thoughts; and when later in the afternoon, Susan R—— came, her knock at the door considerably startled Hetty. She welcomed her friend cordially, but gravely, and Susan remarked,—

"My brother wanted to come with me, but I would not let him; I told him we were going to-night to learn where to get ornaments good and cheap, and he says he will meet us when we come out of the hall."

Hetty now prepared the tea, and the two girls chatted pleasantly for some time. At length Hetty said, "Susan, I would not spoil your tea by saying anything to pain you, but I never shrink from declaring what I mean, and I want to tell you my solemn determination."

Susan looked alarmed, and with faltering voice asked, "Do you mean to be religious?"

"Since we read that bill last night," said Hetty, "I have been compelled to review my past life; I have seen clearly how I have sinned against light; how I have quenched the Spirit; how I have gone determinately in the wrong path, and

'Would not when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.'

Susan, you know I have been ready for all sorts of so-called pleasure, Sunday or week-day has made no difference, but now I confess *I have never thoroughly enjoyed any of it.* In the midst of giddy companions, I have often sighed, 'O that it were with me as in months past!' But I must make haste, for it is time to get ready. I never can bear half measures: when I chose the paths of sin, I kept them; I was never found where God's people meet. Now I have resolved, God helping me, to go to-night to hear a sermon, and it will not be the last. No, Susan; I care not who laughs and jeers, from this time I renounce the paths of the destroyer, and through grace will choose life eternal. If necessary, I can say,—

'My old companions, fare ye well!
I will not go with you to hell!
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell!
And that's the news!'"

Hetty rose, and bent over Susan, saying affectionately, "Do, Susan, stand by me, and let us decide for Jesus."

Many tears had Susan shed during the relation of Hetty, and now she put on her bonnet, only remarking, "I never knew much about these things, but Hetty, you and I *must* always be friends."

The lecture hall was well filled with a mixed congregation, but as might be expected, the greater proportion were young women. The text was Paul's First Epistle to Timothy ii. 8—10; and the sermon was an earnest, faithful exposition of the passage. Any description of it in these pages would be out of place. Susan thought many things said were strange and startling; but to Hetty, everything the preacher uttered had a joyful sound; her whole soul seemed to drink in truth; and when at the close of the sermon the congregation sang,—

"Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star,"—

Hetty's voice joined heartily in the melody. At the door of the hall, Benjamin R—— met the girls, and in a boisterous manner exclaimed, "Now, then, where shall we go for cheap jewellery?"

Hetty replied: "The sermon has been about women's ornaments, Ben; but we have been learning how to procure inward adorning: Susan and I are going to think less of our dress and trinkets, and more about meekness, patience, love, and good works."

"Nonsense," said Ben; "don't try to fool a fellow; what will it be worth?"

"In the sight of God, *of great price*," said Hetty.

By this time they were free of the crowd, and Susan spoke :—

"O, Hetty! what shall I do? I never felt so miserable in my life; I wish I was a Christian woman, and had the ornaments we have heard about."

"Now, Sue," interrupted her brother, "we will have no more of this; you must never go near the place again, either of you. Methodist parsons are paid for this sort of thing, and as far as I know, the more souls they gather in, the more gold they get in the pocket."

"O, Ben, Ben!" said Susan, bursting into tears; but Hetty stood still, and looking the young man steadily in the face, spoke as follows :—

"Benjamin, you have paid great attentions to me lately, and I have silently consented to receive them; but *here* and *now*, you and I part, our paths probably will widely diverge; on my knees in that hall, I gave myself to Him Who first gave Himself to me. I am ashamed of my past; I bless God for the present; I have strong hope and trust about my future. Good-bye, and may God bless you!" Then turning to Susan, she invited her to go in with her, as she wanted to speak to her.

Ben slunk off, feeling very sulky, and affirming what he did not believe, that for a pair of gold ear-rings he could win Hetty back again.

As soon as the girls were in the cozy little room where a short time ago they had taken tea, Hetty went to her box, and laying out her clothes on the carpet, she at length came to a small parcel, which she took out and untied. It was a beautiful little Bible.

"Look here, Susan," she said; "when I left my teacher, she called here one day, and brought me this Bible; I did not want to take it, for I said I chose to give up that sort of thing altogether. She looked sorry, but wanted me to have

a keepsake; so she proposed that I should put it at the bottom of my box until I felt the need of it, either to comfort others or myself. That time is come, Susan; now you and I will read it together."

And so they did, evening after evening; and Hetty went back to her old seat in the chapel and the Sunday-school, and with her always was her friend Susan: better than all, they "sat at the feet of Jesus," and learned of Him. Often they spoke to each other of that first Sunday, when they listened to the sermon on "A Woman's Ornaments;" and they endeavoured to adorn themselves as women professing godliness. In fact, for many years they have been examples "of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."





WILL YOU BE THE LAST?

"I AM fond of having the last piece," said Lena F——, as she took the last slice of bread and butter from the plate handed to her; "indeed," she added, "*the last* of anything has a charm for me."

The young people who were grouped round the tea-table n their teacher's parlour all laughed, and one said dryly, 'We know you like the last word, Lena."

"Yes, I do," said Lena; "and I think I generally have it, though sometimes it may seem rather saucy of me, but it is nice to think, 'After my words they spake not again.'"

"What a peculiar fancy of yours, Lena," said a young frail-looking girl who sat near her; "I should not think you could carry it out."

"O, yes, Gracie; I do, indeed! I like the last seat in a lecture-hall; the last ticket issued for a train; the last train at night; (I might go on interminably, but will finish with) and 'the last rose of summer left blooming alone.'"

There was plenty of merriment over Lena's declaration; and as tea-cake, currant-cake, seed-cake, and other things disappeared, plate after plate was handed to Lena that she might take the last piece. For a time she took them bravely, but was beginning to sigh for the last plate, when a sudden and shrill scream from the kitchen caused all present to start to their feet; but the scream was so quickly succeeded by laughter, that seats were quietly resumed, only two or three of the young folks having left the room. They came back merrily, Lena F—— exclaiming,—

"O, Miss W——, the servant trod on something she thought was the cat, and it turned out to be a house-flannel!"

"But, my dear Lena," said Miss W——, "you were *the first* to move, how was that?"

"I was so excited, Ma'am," replied Lena; "and you know I thought there was real danger."

"Then I conclude, Lena, that if any one is in trouble or distress, your fancy for the last would not lead you to be the last to lend a helping hand?"

"No, Miss W——; but if there had been anything wrong, I should have wished to be the last to leave."

The social meal was concluded, and while Miss W—— was busy in another part of the house, the young folks chatted unrestrainedly. There was a gentleman sitting in one corner of the room, but he had taken a book, in which he appeared to be absorbed, so no one took any account of him.

"Lena F——," said Grace L——, "I have been wondering why you like the last seat at a lecture-hall."

"Just for fun, Gracie," replied Lena. "You go into the hall, and it looks full, and everybody in every row looks round to the next row, and they seem to say plainly, 'There is certainly no room here, but they might accommodate you *there*;' and at length some venerable old gentleman, with a gray beard and gold spectacles, benevolently points out to you a vacant seat, and you drop into it, and everybody settles again, and you feel as if you completed the audience, and—"

Lena paused, as if for another addendum, so Mary G—— suggested,—

"Let us all say when, where, or in what we should like to be *the last*."

"Very well; you begin, Mary."

"But you must give a reason for your wish," said Lena, "or else our dear little Grace will not be satisfied."

"Well, then," said Mary, "I should like to be the last bright ray of a glorious sunset, lingering on, unwilling to leave the world to *darkness*."

"And I would be the last pale star," said Maria; "that of course would be the morning star; then if the last to shine, I should rejoice, inasmuch as *I should give place to the glorious orb of day*."

"And I," said another, "would be the last note in a badly sung song, for every one would bless me for bringing it to a conclusion, and I *like to be useful in getting rid of horrors*."

"And I," said little Emily, "would like to be the last new book in the library; it looks so bright and fresh, and *everybody wants it at once*."

"And I," said Grace L——, "would like to be the last drop in the cup of sorrow; and to have the privilege of whispering to the sufferer, 'joy cometh in the morning.'"

During the conversation, Miss W—— had returned, and quietly taken her seat: she soon discovered what they were about, and listened with interest; at length Emily said, "Teacher, what last thing would you like to be?"

"I scarcely know," she replied, "perhaps the last stone of an arch."

"Give a reason, please," exclaimed several voices.

"I believe the last stone of an arch is called the key-stone; *it gives unity to the separate parts, locks all together, and makes them one*."

"Thank you, Miss W——," said Grace L——; "we will leave off directly, but of course Lena must have the last wish."

"Well, then," said Lena, "I think I am strong-minded enough to wish to be Campbell's Last Man; then should

I witness the demolition of Miss W——'s arch, the breaking of Gracie's cup of sorrow, the end of the library, and the silence of the singer; then should I see the paling of the morning star, and the setting of the sun that shall rise no more for ever."

"But, Lena," said Grace L——, "you know that is all romance; there never will be *a last man;* the Apostle Paul says, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

"Yes, he does," said another: "and in writing to the Thessalonians, he speaks in the same way, 'we which are alive and remain.'"

"I know that," said Lena, lightly; "but if it could be true, you know, I should like it."

"Lena, dear," said little Emily, "*where would you go to at last?*" The question was innocently put, the speaker certainly had no thought of creating a sensation, but some voice uttered a monitory, "Hush, Emily!" and then a silence ensued which no one seemed inclined to break, so Miss W—— opened the piano, and soon the whole party were engaged in singing the songs of Zion; but neither Lena nor Emily fully recovered their spirits. Emily, poor child! thought she had said something to wound Lena, and watched her anxiously and affectionately, but Lena did not notice her. The evening passed rapidly away, and refreshments were brought in, and handed round to the party. Then Miss W——'s friend arose, and requested permission to say a few words. Of course it was granted, and every eye was turned towards him, and every ear opened to listen to his words, for well those girls knew they should hear words of kindly counsel.

"My dear young friends," he said, "*Last Words* have sometimes a pathos and a power that no others have; they live in our remembrance. Who has not often echoed the last words of the dying thief, 'Lord, remember me when

Thou comest into Thy kingdom?' Who has not rejoiced at the grand truths contained in the Last Words uttered by the Sufferer on the centre cross, 'It is finished!' Blessed words these! Last words! Yes, they have many a time stirred our spirit's depths, and we have trembled, wept, or rejoiced. We have recoiled with anguish at the last words of Judas, 'I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood!' We have wept with sympathy as we have seen Stephen surrounded by his murderers, praying for them, and then uttering his last words, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' We have not handed down to us the last words of the Apostle Paul, but it was when 'the time of his departure' was 'at hand,' that he wrote the soul-stirring words, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.' How many last words of dying saints come crowding on my memory! The latest were those of an aged servant of Christ by whose bedside I was kneeling when he exclaimed, 'Thine, Lord, is the kingdom—and the power—and the glory; For ever—and ever—and ever—' and as I closed the dying eyes I uttered the *Amen!* But I did not intend to spend so much time in speaking of these Last Words, but I feel deeply to-night that the words I speak will be my last words to you. It is not at all probable that we shall meet again; will you therefore allow me to say that I was much struck this evening with the conversation that followed Lena's affirmation that for her 'the last of anything' possessed a charm? I would not prevent your free expression of opinion, but the question occurred to my own mind—Might not *the last* be merged in the *Too late?* It is not a pleasant thing when you have stayed till *the last minute* before starting to catch

a last train, and then have reached the station to find the door shut, and the only words you obtain from the stolid porter are the suggestive words, 'Too late!' I could imagine my 'strong-minded' young friend equal to this emergency; but there are other and more serious matters that I would mention. The glad news of salvation for the chief of sinners has frequently been brought before you; were I to put to you the question, 'What must I do to be saved?' any one of you could point me to 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Ah! my young friends, to know the way, to describe the way, to point the way, is not sufficient; you must tread the way. Jesus said, 'Him that *cometh* to Me I will in no wise cast out.' Will you come *now?* Which of you will venture to say, 'I will wait to be the last?' Might you not be *too late?* The glorious Gospel Feast is spread; the invitations are issued; the guest-robes provided; 'millions of transgressors poor' have been admitted, and 'yet there is room.' Will you wait for *the last seat* at the table? Is it safe? the wedding is furnished with guests; might you not be too late? It is right for the captain of an ill-fated vessel to be the last to leave his sinking ship; it was *noble* of the Christian miner to say to his comrade, when only one of them could be rescued from danger, 'Jump in, Bill; you are not saved: in a few minutes I shall be in heaven.' But it will be madness if now receiving another invitation to accept the pardon purchased by the blood of Jesus, and freely offered to you, any one of you should venture to say, 'I hope to do so, but I will be the last of the class.' May I press the questions,—Which of you will accept His gracious offers *now?* and which of you will be *the last?*"

"O, Sir!" said Lena F——, as the gentleman sat down, "I have often, very often, been self-condemned, that I have not yielded to the strivings of God's Holy Spirit; and while

you have been speaking, I have felt burdened beyond measure. Dear Emily's innocent question, 'Where will you go to at last?' was a knock at the door of my heart, and since then my feelings can only be told by the following words,—

'Knocking! knocking! What! still knocking!
He still there!
What's the hour? The night is waning,
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah! this knocking! it disturbs me!
Give me rest!
Rest—ah! rest!'"

"Lena, my dear," said Miss W——, "you know Who said, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'"

The little party now sang the well-known hymn, "Just as I am," and after prayer they separated, and went to their own homes. Grace L—— accompanied Lena, and in her own quiet way spoke of the Saviour's love for sinners. Thoroughly was Lena broken down; and if any of my readers are interested enough to ask the question,—

"Did she open? doth she? will she?"

they will be glad to know that she was not *the last* of the girls to realize the preciousness of forgiving love. The last time her teacher conversed with her, she was calmly resting on the Atonement, and repeated with streaming eyes—

"Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven."



"TAKEN TO JESUS."

EVERYBODY knew that Lottie C—— loved children. She never passed through the village street, or round the green, or up The Grove, but she was nodding and smiling to the children at the windows, stopping to pat the cheeks of the children she met, or to play with children at cottage-doors, or to kiss the babies in the mothers' arms. She was little more than a child herself, a delicate, frail girl—at least, so people said, and so she looked; but, dear me! she was not sick; she was bright, and lively, and brisk, and had a kind word either for the aged or the young, of whatever condition or position in life; but she loved the little ones most. No, let me correct that statement; *her heart's best affections were given to Jesus!*

Lottie was an only child, and her parents almost idolized her. *They* had not taught her the way of salvation through Christ Jesus; indeed, no one was more surprised than they at what they called her "religious tendencies," and they were afraid that they were signs that God intended to take her from them early. Often the husband would say to the wife, or the wife would say to the husband, "She is too good to live."

It was very seldom that anybody contradicted Lottie; somehow or other she always seemed to have her own way. But then it was a very pleasant and loving way; a way of forgetting self, and remembering everybody else.

Lottie's home was pleasantly situated, and she herself had

a pretty room, where she gathered about her all sorts of simple treasures, especially books and flowers. She had no unreasonable desires, and it was easy to her friends to gratify her reasonable ones; and many a time an expensive present would be scarcely noticed, while an inexpensive one would be cherished with kindest care.

"You know, Mamma," she would say, "it is not the money-value of the gift that I care for, but how much I love and esteem *the giver*."

I have said that Lottie generally had her own way; but there was one thing about which her Papa had *his* way. Many times had Lottie pleaded with him in vain; he would not permit her to teach in the Sabbath-school. Both Mr. and Mrs. C—— fancied that the atmosphere of a school-room must necessarily be detrimental to health, and they drew such a picture of the desolation that would be in their home *if they lost her*, that at length gentle, unselfish Lottie refrained from pressing her suit, although it was a subject upon which she felt strongly; but she often put up the petition, "Lord Jesus, open a way for me!"

One day she was visiting a friend who had for many years been a Sabbath-school teacher.

"Miss W——," she said, "I sometimes almost envy you, for Jesus has said to you, 'Feed My lambs.'"

"And so He has to you, Lottie."

"Do you think so, Miss W——?" she asked sadly; "then I am really sorry, for dear Papa won't let me."

"Not let you, Lottie!"

"No, dear Miss W——;" and then Lottie told all the objections raised to her teaching in the Sunday-school.

Miss W—— heard all, and then quietly said, "Jesus has plenty of lambs that are not gathered into the Sunday-school."

In a moment Lottie caught her friend's idea, and replied—

"Thank you for the thought! I can teach them *anywhere*;

there are plenty about." And so, with a trustful and thankful heart, Lottie went home, saying, "I thank Thee, Lord Jesus; Thou hast opened the way!"

And now Lottie had an insight into *her mission;* and whenever she stopped at a cottage-door to talk to a little one, she would say something about the Good Shepherd Jesus; and when she met a group of children in the village, and they would cry out, "Ah, Miss Lottie?" she would pull out of her pocket a packet of Scripture Picture-Cards, and selecting one, would explain it in a few simple words, and then promise to give it to the boy or girl who remembered the most about it when next she saw them. Before long Lottie stepped into a tidy little room, where two children were playing on the floor. Down on the floor went Lottie, and after playing a little while, she asked, "Shall I tell you a story?" What child ever said "No" to that question? And so having got the "Yes," Lottie told about the dear little Baby Boy born in a stable and laid in a manger; and yet He was such a wonderful Babe, that He had some visitors who brought *such grand presents.* And having secured the eager interest of the children, she left them, promising when she came again to tell the Baby's name.

Again and again Lottie stepped into that cottage, and told her Scripture stories; and at length obtained permission to bring in some of the children from the neighbouring cottages, that they too might "hear of heaven, and learn the way." They learned also to sing a few simple verses; and pleased indeed they were. So Lottie C—— had a class of poor children in a cottage. But this was not all. In her own pretty room at home she began to gather a few little ones from more pretentious houses. There was no difficulty, for all the children loved her, and an invitation to visit "Miss Lottie" was always gladly responded to; and so Lottie had a class also in her own home.

Do not for a moment suppose there was anything formal about the gatherings; there was no set time for them; sometimes one day, sometimes another; sometimes in the morning, sometimes afternoon, and sometimes of a summer evening,—only then the children would group round Lottie in the garden, or out in the meadows.

One day there had been half-a-dozen little creatures in Lottie's pleasant room, and she had been telling them of Jesus, and His love to the children. She told how mothers brought their little ones for Jesus just to touch them; (they knew there would be blessing in the touch;) and He not only touched them, but took them in His arms, and blessed them. Then they sang,—

"How kind was our Saviour
To bid those children welcome!
But there are many thousands who
Have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
'Suffer the children to come unto Me.'"

And soon Lottie kissed one after the other, and sent them home; but little Minnie would not go.

"Shut the door," she said; and Lottie shut it, and allowed the child to lead her back into the room, all the while wondering what she could want. She soon knew.

"Miss Lottie," said Minnie, with a trustful, loving look at her friend, "Will you take me to Jesus? *My Ma never took me to Jesus!* Will you, please?"

For a moment Lottie hesitated, but only for a moment; then she knelt down, making the little one kneel beside her, while she besought Jesus to "fold her in His loving embrace." Joy beamed from the expressive blue eyes, and Minnie said,—

"*Now, I am in Jesu's arms!* dear Miss Lottie. I am so glad! *you* have taken me to Jesus!"

The next time Minnie was at a gathering of the children, she told how Miss Lottie had *taken her to Jesus;* and with one accord they cried, "Please *take us all to Jesus!*" and Lottie knelt in the midst of the group, and asked Jesus to take care of His lambs, and keep them from straying away from Him.

Months fled, and still these pleasant teachings were continued; but one day *Minnie was not*, for angels had fetched her to be with Jesus, the Good Shepherd. Lottie called at the house to have a look at the body of her darling as it lay in the little coffin; and as she stood by it, in company with the child's mother, the lady said, "Thank you very, very much, for teaching my darling about Jesus. Two days ago, as I was holding her little hand in mine, she said, 'Ma, I will tell you a secret; and then you won't be sorry! A long, long time ago Miss Lottie took me to Jesus; and I have been *His lamb* ever since; and now I am going home to His heavenly fold;' and then she closed her eyes and said, 'Dear Jesus, I am ready! please soon to bring Miss Lottie.'"

Lottie thanked God that night that she had been permitted to *feed the lambs;* and now it was her privilege, young as she was, to lead Minnie's Mamma to Jesus.

And now if any young people are in the position of Lottie C——, and cannot teach in Sunday-schools, let me say to them, *the Saviour has plenty of lambs about.* Feed them when and where you can.

"O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim;
And publish all around
Salvation through His name:
Till the whole world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again."

NORA GRAYSON'S DREAM.

For many hours had Nora Grayson been in bed, and yet sleep would not wrap her senses in forgetfulness.

Nora had that evening been to a Bible-class, of which for four years she had been a member, and where, two years before, she had learned the way of salvation through faith in the crucified Saviour.

Miss A——, the late teacher, whom they all loved so well, had just removed from the town.

The new teacher, Mrs. S——, was to meet them as usual on the following Wednesday evening.

The news soon spread, and at the appointed time all the girls were present in the class-room. Unfortunately for Mrs. S——, she was rather behind the time, and when she entered, twenty pairs of eyes were directed towards her, but there were no expressions of welcome ; on the contrary, a sudden shyness seized the company. Mrs. S—— gave out a hymn, and herself raised a familiar tune, but only one or two voices joined her in the singing. The Bibles were opened, but there was still the same reserve on the part of the girls ; no answer was given to the questions put by Mrs. S——, and at length she ceased to ask them, but gave a simple exposition of the passage read, sang the Doxology, and closed the meeting with prayer. She had intended to speak a few pleasant words to the girls, and invite them to her own house ; she thought she would procure their names

and addresses, and, if possible, establish her footing amongst them; but as she remained on her knees after her spoken prayer, the door was gently opened, and quickly the girls glided out. There were only two or three left in the room, and they betrayed such an evident desire to escape, that Mrs. S—— took no pains to stop them.

Some few weeks elapsed, and there seemed to be but little probability of any closer intimacy between the lady and the members of her class. There had been one or two attempts on her part to get into conversation with single individuals, but they had signally failed. Once she had said, "If any of you dear girls live in my direction, we may as well walk together."

There was a sort of hushed murmur of "Emma M——," but Emma spoke up—

"Thank you, Ma'am, I do; but I am not going directly home, as I have a call to make."

Mrs. S—— had not renewed the invitation.

On the night when Nora Grayson was so wakeful, there had been a thorough change in the demeanour of Mrs. S——. She was very quiet and gentle in manner; she asked no questions, but gave a very earnest address (it could not be called a Bible-lesson, because she had only *hearers*, not scholars). She made no effort to speak to anybody, but looked as though she *accepted* the coldness which had been shown her, and might have said, "If ever there is any alteration in our relations to each other, *you* shall take the initiative."

It was this change that had struck Nora; and she could not help thinking that they had really behaved very ill towards her.

"I think I must make a venture," she said to herself; "I will ask God for Christ's sake to give me His Holy Spirit to help me, and I am quite sure He will! 'Quite sure!' did I say? that is *believing*; and the promise is

'All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'"

Having come to this determination, Nora Grayson fell asleep and dreamed. She thought she was walking in what was called "The Home-meadow," and in her heart she was praying earnestly for grace and strength to take up her cross daily and follow the Saviour. She confessed that, contrary to her better judgment, she had fallen in with the general habit and tone of the class, and had not manifested a Christ-like spirit; and she entreated for pardon and power to speak to Mrs. S——. While engaged in this manner, she saw the lady on the other side of the meadow, and the Spirit's voice seemed to whisper, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." She thought that she started across the meadow, but met with many obstacles to her progress; but as difficulty after difficulty was surmounted, she rejoiced that she was at last drawing very near to her. It had seemed that the back of her friend was towards her, but while Nora was considering whether it would be better to pronounce the name in order to attract attention, or whether she should pass her and then turn to look at her, the lady deliberately turned and stood face to face with her. So intently was Nora looking, that she did not perceive that a stream of water separated them, until she had stepped into it, and was startled by the coldness; her first impulse was to draw back, but as she was about to do so, the lady moved away. "This will never do," thought Nora, "I *shall* be so sorry if we never meet again;" so she boldly took a step forward in the water, when Mrs. S—— turned quickly, and with a beautiful, beaming smile, which seemed to light up the whole countenance, she said, "Let me help you, Nora;" and she produced an elegant cushion, which appeared to dry up the stream; and as Nora put her feet upon it, and held out her hands to her friend, she awoke. Long and anxiously

did Nora ponder her dream. "What can it mean?" she asked herself, and her own heart gave her an interpretation.

As soon as she could leave home in the morning, she went to see a class-mate with whom she was on terms of intimate friendship. Very soon she related her dream, and Mary exclaimed,—

"How very singular, Nora! What do you think it means? But I suppose it is superstitious to put faith in dreams."

"God used to speak to men in dreams and visions of the night," replied Nora; "and this is what I think, Mary. I had been praying that the Lord would graciously show me how to act towards Mrs. S——, and He sent me that dream to teach me. I know the Lord will prosper my undertaking, and if only I hear her say as I did in my dream, 'Let me help you, Nora,' I shall be thankful."

"Dear, enthusiastic Nora!" said Mary; "do you really mean to go to see Mrs. S——?"

"I do indeed, Mary."

"I will go with you, Nora; I mean, I will walk to the house with you," said Mary. "I shall not *go in*, and I expect you will *come out* with your spirits drooping."

"I am not going to fear cold water," said Nora, laughing.

With faltering steps and palpitating heart, Nora ascended the hill to the house she wanted; she took the knocker of the door in her hand, but so nervously that it slipped from her hold, and a loud knock startled her. Poor Nora! she would gladly have run away, but was afraid of being observed. She waited patiently, and then as no one came to the door, she gained courage to knock respectably. This knock was answered by a little girl, who invited Nora into a pleasant little room, and said she would call her Mamma.

"Say it is Nora Grayson, will you, please?" said Nora; and the child went off repeating the name to herself, and in

less time than seemed possible, Mrs. S—— herself appeared, and warmly welcomed Nora.

"Dear Miss Grayson," she said, "this is the day I have prayed for; my heart is relieved of a very heavy burden."

"Call me Nora, if you please, Ma'am," said Nora; "you did in my dream."

Mrs. S—— smiled, and Nora thought that smile was as beautiful as the one she saw in her dream, and very soon she had told Mrs. S—— of her sleepless hours, her troublous thoughts, her prayer, her dream, and her determination. Mrs. S—— listened with much interest to the artless relation, and words of kindly counsel dropped from her lips. She made a few inquiries about Miss A——, and many about the members of the class, all of whom Nora spoke of with affection, and was sure they only need to know Mrs. S—— and they would love her.

"What can I do, Nora?" asked Mrs. S——. "Perhaps it is a pity I am not as small and young as Miss A——, but I cannot alter that."

"O dear no, Ma'am!" said impulsive Nora; "but if you only had her *tact!*"

Again Mrs. S—— smiled that beautiful smile, and taking Nora's hand in her own, she said heartily,—

"I think you are right, my dear girl; I do want tact. Well, I will try to improve, and you shall help me."

Many months after the above events took place, Nora Grayson was asked how they got on with Mrs. S——.

"We love her dearly," was the reply; "but that is not all; we are gaining from her a deeper insight into the meaning of God's Word; she *teaches* wonderfully."

"Thy Word is very pure: therefore Thy servant loveth it."

London: R. Needham, Printer, Paternoster-Row.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE.

Recollections of My Own Life and Times. By THOMAS JACKSON. Edited by the Rev. B. FRANKLAND, B.A. With an Introduction and Postscript by G. OSBORN, D.D. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 8s. 6d.

Memorials of the Rev. Francis A. West. Being a Selection from his Sermons and Lectures. With a Biographical Sketch by one of his Sons, and Personal Recollections by the Rev. B. GREGORY. Crown 8vo. Price 4s.

Class-Meetings in Relation to the Design and Success of Methodism. By the Rev. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS. Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

A Man of God; or, Providence and Grace Exemplified in a Memoir of the Rev. PETER M'OWAN. Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Papers. By the Rev. JOHN M'OWAN. Edited by G. OSBORN, D.D. Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

Tamil Wisdom; Traditions concerning Hindu Sages, and Selections from their Writings. By the Rev. EDWARD JEWITT ROBINSON. With an introduction by the late Rev. ELIJAH HOOLE, D.D. And a Frontispiece, from a Madras Picture, of "Tiru Valluvar." Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

"We warmly recommend the book. . . To thoughtful Christian men these translations will give an insight into the mind and culture to be found among the people."—*Methodist Recorder.*

How to Pray and What to Pray For. An Exposition of the Lord's Prayer and Christ's Introductory Sayings. By the Rev. EDWARD JEWITT ROBINSON. Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

"A backbone of sound theology runs through the treatise, while in every chapter questions of experience and practice are treated with the incisive vigour of a critical and ardent intellect."—*London Quarterly Review.*

For Ever: An Essay on Eternal Punishment. By the Rev. MARSHALL RANDLES. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo. Price 4s.

"A valuable contribution toward the sound scriptural settlement of this much-vexed question."—*London Quarterly Review.*

Ecclesiastical Principles and Polity of the Wesleyan Methodists. The whole compiled by WILLIAM PEIRCE, and revised by FREDERICK J. JOBSON, D.D. Third Edition. Royal 8vo., cloth, 15s.; half morocco, cloth sides, 20s.

This work contains a correct Transcript of all the published Laws and Regulations of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, from its first organization to the present time, and affords full and authentic information on the History, Discipline, and Economy of Methodism.

COMMENTARIES, DICTIONARIES, &c.,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Aids to Daily Meditation: being Practical Reflections and Observations on a Passage of Scripture for each Day in the Year. Crown 8vo., cloth, red edges. Price 5s.

The Holy Bible: with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. By the Rev. JOSEPH BENSON. With Maps and a Portrait of the Author. Six Volumes, Imperial 8vo., cloth, red edges. Price £3 3s. Sold also in Separate Volumes, cloth, red edges. Price 10s. 6d. each.

A Biblical and Theological Dictionary: Illustrative of the Old and New Testament. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. With a Map of Palestine and numerous Engravings. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

An Ecclesiastical Dictionary: Explanatory of the His- tory, Antiquities, Heresies, Sects, and Religious Denominations of the Christian Church. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

The Proper Names of the Bible; their Orthography, Pronunciation, and Signification. With a brief Account of the Principal Persons, and a Description of the principal Places. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. 18mo. Price 1s. 6d.

A Commentary on the Old and New Testament; containing copious notes, Theological, Historical, and Critical; with Improvements and Reflections. By the Rev. JOSEPH SUTCLIFFE, M.A. Imperial 8vo., cloth, marbled edges. Price 12s. 6d.

A Biblical and Theological Dictionary, Explanatory of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Jews, and Neighbouring Nations. With an Account of the most remarkable Places mentioned in Sacred Scripture; An Exposition of the principal Doctrines of Christianity; and Notices of Jewish and Christian Sects and Heresies. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. Royal 8vo., cloth, red edges. Price 12s. 6d.

An Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and of some other detached parts of Scripture. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. Demy 8vo. Price 6s. 12mo. Price 3s. 6d.

The New Testament, with Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. With the Author's last Corrections.
Pocket Edition. 18mo. Price 2s.
Large-Type Edition. 8vo. Price 4s.
Library Edition, fine paper. Demy 8vo. Price 6s.

An Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By the Rev. HENRY W. WILLIAMS. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

An Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews. By the Rev. HENRY W. WILLIAMS. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

The Incarnate Son of God: or, the History of the Life and Ministry of the Redeemer; arranged, generally, according to Greswell's Harmony of the Gospels. By the Rev. HENRY W. WILLIAMS. Crown 8vo. Price 4s.

Scripture compared with Scripture. A Plan for Daily Bible Reading throughout the Year. Arranged by E. G. C. Price 6d.; limp cloth, gilt edges, 8d.

THEOLOGY.

Bunting (J.) Sermons by the Rev. Jabez Bunting, D.D. Two Volumes. Crown 8vo., cloth, red edges. Price 10s. 6d. Volume Two is sold separately. Price 3s. 6d.

Dunn (L. R.) The Mission of the Spirit; or the Office and Work of the Comforter in human Redemption. By the Rev. LEWIS R. DUNN, Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S. Edited by the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH. Crown 8vo. Price 2s.

Edmondson (J.) Sermons on Important Subjects; with an Introduction by the Rev. T. JACKSON. Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

*Fletcher (J.) An Appeal to Matter of Fact and Com-*mon Sense; or, a Rational Demonstration of Man's Corrupt and Lost Estate. By the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER. 12mo. Price 2s.

Fletcher (J.) Five Checks to Antinomianism. By the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER. 12mo. Price 4s. 6d.

Fletcher (J.) The Works of the Rev. John Fletcher; with his Life, by the Rev. JOSEPH BENSON. Complete in Nine Volumes. 12mo. Price £1 11s. 6d.

Hannah (J.) Introductory Lectures on the Study of Christian Theology: with Outlines of Lectures on the Doctrines of Christianity. By the late Rev. JOHN HANNAH, D.D.; to which is prefixed a Memoir of Dr. Hannah, by the Rev. W. B. POPE. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

Jackson (T.) The Duties of Christianity; theoretically and practically considered. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 4s.

Jackson (T.) The Institutions of Christianity, exhibited in their Scriptural Character and Practical Bearing. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

Jackson (T.) ***The Providence of God, viewed in the Light*** of Holy Scripture. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. New Edition, with Improvements. Crown 8vo. Price 4s.

Jackson (T.) ***The Christian armed against Infidelity.*** A Collection of Treatises in Defence of Divine Revelation. Foolscap 8vo. Price 2s.

McAfee (D.) ***The Pillar and Ground of the Truth.*** Twelve Sermons on the Fundamental Truths of Christianity. By the Rev. DANIEL MCAFEE. With a Preface, by the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. Price 6s.

Pope (W. B.) ***The Kingdom and Reign of Christ.*** Twenty-one Discourses delivered in the Chapel of the Wesleyan Theological Institution, Didsbury. By the Rev. WILLIAM B. POPE, Theological Tutor. Foolscap 8vo. Price 5s.

Prest (C.) ***The Witness of the Holy Spirit. By the Rev.*** CHARLES PREST. Third Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, red edges. Price 3s.

Thomas (J. W.) ***The Lord's Day; or, the Christian*** Sabbath: its History, Obligation, Importance, and Blessedness. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY THOMAS. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Treffry (R.) ***Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Eternal*** Sonship of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, Jun. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

Treffry (R.) ***The Atonement viewed in Relation to*** Scripture and Reason. In a series of Letters to a Friend. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, Jun. 18mo. Price 2s.

Treffry (R.) ***The Infidel's Own Book.*** A Statement of some of the Absurdities resulting from the Rejection of Christianity. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, Jun. 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.

Watson (R.) ***Sermons and Sketches of Sermons.*** By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON.

Three Volumes, demy 8vo. Price 18s.
Three Volumes, post 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.

Watson (R.) ***Theological Institutes; or, a View of the*** Evidences, Doctrines, Morals, and Institutions of Christianity. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON.

Three Volumes, demy 8vo. Price 18s.
Four Volumes, royal 18mo. Price 14s.

Watson (R.) The Works of the Rev. Richard Watson. With his Memoirs by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON.

Thirteen Volumes, demy 8vo. Price £3 18s.
Thirteen Volumes, post 8vo. Price £2 5s. 6d.

Wesley (J.) Sermons on Several Occasions. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M.A. With a Life of the Author by the Rev. JOHN Beecham, D.D.

Three Vols., crown 8vo. Price 7s. 6d.
Fine Edition, three Vols., crown 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.
Library Edition, three Vols., demy 8vo. Price 18s.

Wesley (J.) The Prose Works of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. This Edition contains all the Latest Corrections of the Author; and includes the Life of Mr. Wesley by the Rev. JOHN BEECHAM, D.D.

Library Edition, Fourteen Volumes, demy 8vo. Price £4 4s.
Cheap Edition, Fourteen Volumes, post 8vo. Price £2 2s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Agar (B.) Memoirs of Mrs. Benjamin Agar, of York; With Extracts from her Diary and Correspondence. By the Rev. LUKE H. WISEMAN, M.A., Author of "Christ in the Wilderness," "Men of Faith," &c. Crown 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

Alpine Missionary (The); or, the Life of J. L. Rostan, Missionary Pastor in France, Switzerland, and the Channel Isles. By the Rev. MATTHEW LELIEVRE. Translated from the French Edition, by the Rev. A. J. FRENCH, B.A. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Bamford (J.) The Disciple among the Poor: Memorials of Mr. John Bamford, of Shardlow. By his Son, the Rev. JOHN M. BAMFORD. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. With Photographic Portrait, 3s. 6d.

Bentley (S.) The Living Sacrifice. A Biographical Notice of Sarah Bentley, of York. By the Rev. JOHN LYTH. 18mo. Price 1s.

Bohler, (P.) ***Memorials of the Life of Peter Bohler,*** Bishop of the Church of the United Brethren. By the Rev. J. P. LOCKWOOD. With an Introduction by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON; and with a finely engraved Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

Bramwell (W.) ***The Christian Minister in Earnest.*** A Memoir of the Rev. William Bramwell; containing Extracts from his Correspondence, and a Delineation of his Personal and Ministerial Character. By the Rev. THOMAS HARRIS. Royal 18mo., gilt edges. Price 3s.

Cheap Edition. Royal 32mo. Price 1s.

Bumby (J. H.) ***The Life of the Rev. John H. Bumby.*** With a brief History of the Progress of the Wesleyan Mission in New Zealand. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. With a Portrait. 12mo. Price 3s.

Bunting (William M.) ***Memorials of.*** Being Selections from his Sermons, Letters, and Poems. Edited by the Rev. G. STRINGER ROWE. With a Biographical Introduction by THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Carvosso (W.) ***Memoirs of William Carvosso.*** Written by himself, and edited by his Son. With a Portrait. Royal 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.

Cheap Edition. Royal 32mo. Price 1s.

Clarke (A.) ***The Life of Dr. Adam Clarke.*** By the Rev. Dr. ETHERIDGE. With a Portrait. Post 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Coke (T.) ***The Life of Thomas Coke.*** By the Rev. Dr. ETHERIDGE. With a Portrait. Post 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Cross (W.) ***Memoir of the Rev. William Cross,*** Missionary to the Friendly and Fejee Islands. With a Notice of the History of the Missions. By the Rev. JOHN HUNT. 18mo. Price 2s.

Cryer (Mrs.) ***Holy Living;*** Exemplified in the Life of Mrs. Mary Cryer, Wife of the Rev. Thomas Cryer, Wesleyan Missionary in India. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. With Vignette Title and Frontispiece. Foolscap 8vo. Price 3s.

Dixon (T.) ***The Earnest Methodist.*** A Memoir of the late Mr. Thomas Dixon, of Grantham. By his Nephew, the Rev. JOSEPH DIXON. Foolscap 8vo. With Portrait. Price 2s.

Entwisle (J.) Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Entwisle: with copious Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence, and Occasional Notices of Contemporary Events in the History of Methodism. By his Son. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

Field (J.) Memoirs of Mr. James Field (of Cork, formerly Serjeant in the Royal British Regiment of Artillery.) By the Rev. R. HUSTON. 18mo. Price 1s. 6d.

Fletcher (J.) The Life of the Rev. John Fletcher. By the Rev. JOSEPH BENSON. With a Portrait. 12mo. Price 3s. 6d.
Cheap Edition. Royal 32mo. Price 1s.

Fletcher (Mrs.) The Life of Mrs. Fletcher. By the Rev. HENRY MOORE. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.
Cheap Edition. Royal 32mo. Price 1s.

George (E.) Memoirs of Elizabeth George. By the Rev. HENRY J. PIGGOTT, B.A. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

Grimshaw (W.), Incumbent of Haworth. By the Rev. R. SPENCE HARDY. Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

Jackson (T.) Lives of Early Methodist Preachers. Chiefly written by themselves. Edited with an Introductory Essay by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON.
Library Edition, Six Vols. Crown 8vo. Price 18s.
Cheap Edition, Six Vols. Foolscap 8vo. Price 9s.

Jackson (T.) Recollections of My Own Life and Times. By THOMAS JACKSON. Edited by the Rev. B. FRANKLAND, B.A. With an Introduction and Postscript by G. OSBORN, D.D. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

M'Owan (P.) A Man of God; or, Providence and Grace Exemplified in a Memoir of the Rev. Peter M'Owan. Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Papers. By the Rev. JOHN M'OWAN. Edited by G. OSBORN, D.D. Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

Maxwell (Lady). The Life of Darcy Lady Maxwell. By the Rev. WILLIAM ATHERTON. With Selections from her Diary and Correspondence. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Miller (W. E.) Life of the Rev. W. E. Miller. By the Rev. Dr. DIXON. Foolscap 8vo. Price 2s.; limp cloth, 1s. 6d.

Mitchell (Mrs.) ***Memoir of Mrs. E. K. Mitchell.*** By her Husband, the Rev. J. MITCHELL. 18mo. Price 1s. 6d.

Mortimer (Mrs.) ***Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Mortimer.*** By Mrs. BULMER. Fourth Edition. 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.

Nelson (J.) ***The Journal of Mr. John Nelson.*** Royal 18mo. Price 1s. 6d. Cheap Edition, royal 32mo. Price 10d.

Newton (R.) ***The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D.*** By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. With a Portrait. Foolscap 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

Newton (Mrs.) ***Memorials of the Life of Mrs. Newton,*** Wife of the late Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. By her DAUGHTER. Royal 18mo. Cloth, gilt edges. Price 2s. 6d.

Rogers (Mrs.) ***The Experience and Spiritual Letters of*** Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers. 18mo. Price 1s. 6d.
Cheap Edition. Royal 32mo. Price 10d.

Rogers (Mrs.) ***The Experience, Letters, and Journal of*** Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers. In one Vol. 18mo., roan, embossed, gilt edges. Price 3s. 6d.

Smith (J.) ***Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Labours*** of the Rev. John Smith. By the Rev. R. TREFFRY, Jun. With an introductory Essay by the Rev. Dr. DIXON. Royal 18mo. Price 3s.
Cheap Edition, without the Introductory Essay. Price 1s.

Stoner (D.) ***Memoirs of the Rev. David Stoner.*** By the Rev. Dr. HANNAH and Mr. WILLIAM DAWSON. With a Portrait. 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.
Cheap Edition. Royal 32mo. Price 1s.

Tackaberry (F.) ***The Life and Labours of the Rev.*** Fossey Tackaberry; with Notices of Methodism in Ireland. By the Rev. R. HUSTON. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

Taylor (Michael C.) ***Memoir of the Rev. M. C. Taylor.*** With Extracts from his Correspondence. By the Rev. B. HELLIER. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Threlfall (W.) ***Memorials of the Rev. W. Threlfall.*** By the Rev. SAMUEL BROADBENT. 18mo. With Portrait. Price 1s. 6d.

Treffry (R.) Memoirs of the Rev. R. Treffry, Jun. With Select Remains, consisting of Sketches of Sermons, Essays, and Poetry. By his Father, the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY. With a Portrait. 12mo. Price 4s. 6d.

Turner (N.) The Pioneer Missionary; or, the Life of the Rev. Nathaniel Turner, Missionary in New Zealand, Tonga, and Australasia. By his Son, the Rev. J. G. TURNER. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. Price 5s.

Watson (R.) Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Watson. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. With a Portrait. Royal 18mo. Price 3s. 6d. 8vo. Price 6s.

Wesley (C.) The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley. Comprising a Review of his Poetry; Sketches of the Rise and Progress of Methodism; with Notices of Contemporary Events and Characters. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. With a Portrait. Royal 18mo. Price 3s. 6d.

Wesley (C.) The Journal of the Rev. Charles Wesley. With Selections from his Correspondence and Poetry, and an Introduction by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Two Vols. Royal 18mo. Price 7s.

Wesley (J.) The Life of the Rev. John Wesley. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. With a Portrait. Royal 18mo. Price 3s. 6d.

Wesley (J.) The Journals of the Rev. John Wesley. Four Vols. 12mo. Price 10s.

Wesley (J.) His Life and his Work. By the Rev. M. LELIEVRE. Translated by the Rev. A. J. FRENCH. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

West (F. A.) Memorials of the Rev. Francis A. West. Being a Selection from his Sermons and Lectures. With a Biographical Sketch by one of his Sons, and Personal Recollections by the Rev. B. GREGORY. Crown 8vo. Price 4s.

Wood (J.) The Life of the Rev. Joseph Wood. With Extracts from his Diary. By the Rev. H. W. WILLIAMS. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS,

SUITABLE FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND REWARDS.

Bleby (H.) The Stolen Children: A Narrative compiled from Authentic Sources, by the Rev. HENRY BLEBY, Author of "Death Struggles of Slavery." Foolscap 8vo., cloth, gilt edges, with Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

Briggs (F. W.) Chequer Alley: A Story of Successful Christian Work. By the Rev. FREDERICK W. BRIGGS. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. ARTHUR, M.A. Ninth Edition. Foolscap 8vo. Price 1s. 6d.

Lightwood (E.) Ancient Egypt: Its Monuments, Worship, and People. By the Rev. EDWARD LIGHTWOOD. Royal 16mo., numerous Illustrations. Price 1s.

Montfort (Lillie.) Incidents in my Sunday-School Life. By LILLIE MONTFORT, Author of "My Class for Jesus." Foolscap 8vo. Price 2s.

Old Truths in New Lights. A Series of Sunday-School Addresses. By W. H. S. Foolscap 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Price 1s. 6d.

Pearse (M. G.) John Tregenoweth: His Mark. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE. Royal 16mo, cloth. Illustrated. Price 1s.

Tatham (E.) The Dream of Pythagoras, and Other Poems. By EMMA TATHAM. Fifth Edition, with Additional Pieces, and a MEMOIR, by the Rev. B. GREGORY, Author of the "Thorough Business Man," etc. Crown 8vo., cloth. Price 3s. 6d. French Morocco, extra gilt, and gilt edges. Price 7s. 6d.

Thomas (J. W.) The Tower, the Temple, and the Minster: Historical and Biographical Reminiscences of the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey. By the Rev. J. W. THOMAS. Foolscap 8vo. Illustrated. Price 2s.

Thomas (J. W.) William the Silent: A Biographical Study. By the Rev. J. W. THOMAS. Foolscap 8vo. With Portrait. Price 1s.

Waddy (E.) The Father of Methodism. A Sketch of the Life and Labours of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A.M. For Young People. By Edith Waddy. Foolscap 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Price 1s. 6d.

Waddy, (E.) A Year with the Wild Flowers. An Introduction to the Study of English Botany. By Edith Waddy. Royal 16mo. Numerous Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

Yeames (J.) Vignettes from English History. By the Rev. James Yeames. First Series. From the Norman Conqueror to Henry IV. Royal 16mo. Numerous Illustrations. Price 1s.

BOOKS SUITABLE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND REWARDS.

Adeline. Helen Leslie: or, Truth and Error. By Adeline. 18mo. Price 1s.

Barrett (A.) The Boatman's Daughter. A Narrative for the Learned and Unlearned. 18mo. Price 1s. 4d.

Cubitt (G.) Memorable Men and Memorable Events.
COLUMBUS; or, the Discovery of America.
CORTES; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico.
GRANADA; or, the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain.
PIZARRO; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Peru.
By the Rev. G. Cubitt. 18mo. 1s. each.

Doncaster (J.) Friendly Hints, addressed to the Youth of Both Sexes, on Mind, Morals, and Religion. By the Rev. John Doncaster. 18mo. Price 1s. 6d.

Dutch Tiles: Being Narratives of Holy Scripture. With Pictorial Illustrations. For the use of Children. 18mo. Price 2s.

Facts and Incidents Illustrative of the Scripture Doctrines as set forth in the First and Second Catechisms of the Wesleyan Methodists. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Gems of English Poetry: From Chaucer to the Present Time. Selected by Mrs. MARRIALS. Foolscap 8vo., gilt edges. Price 3s. 6d.

Hartley (J.) Hid Treasures and the Search for Them: being Lectures to Bible Classes. By the Rev. JOHN HARTLEY. Royal 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.

Hay (D.) A Father's Religious Counsels Addressed to his Son at School. By the Rev. DAVID HAY. 18mo. 1s.

Hay (D.) Home: or, the Way to Make Home Happy. By the Rev. DAVID HAY. With an Introduction by the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. 18mo., gilt edges. Price 1s. 6d.

Huston (R.) Letters on the Distinguishing Excellence of Remarkable Scripture Personages. By the Rev. ROBERT HUSTON. 18mo. Price 1s. 6d.

Huston (R.) Cautions and Counsels Addressed to the Young. Enforced by Illustrations chiefly drawn from Scripture Narratives. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Hudson (W.) This Transitory Life: Addresses designed to help THOUGHTFUL YOUNG PERSONS correctly to estimate THE PRESENT WORLD and ITS AFFAIRS. By the Rev. WILLIAM HUDSON. Foolscap 8vo. Price 1s. 6d.

Leonard (G.) Life on the Waves; or, Memorials of Captain GEORGE LEONARD. By the Rev. A. LANGLEY, Author of "The Decline and Revival of Religion," etc. With Illustrations. 18mo. Price 1s.

Maunder (G.) Eminent Christian Philanthropists.
Brief Biographical Sketches, designed especially as studies for the Young. By the Rev. GEORGE MAUNDER. Royal 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.
This Volume contains Biographical Sketches of

John Howard.	Granville Sharp.	David Nasmith.
Edward Colston.	Thomas Clarkson.	Elizabeth Fry.
Jonas Hanway.	W. Wilberforce.	Thomas F. Buxton.
Richard Reynolds.	J. Butterworth.	Sarah Martin.
Robert Raikes.	William Allen.	

Parker (Mrs.) Annals of the Christian Church. From the First to the Nineteenth Centuries. By MRS. PARKER. With Ten Portraits engraved on Steel. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Sketches from My School-Room. By the Daughter of a Wesleyan Minister. 18mo. Price 1s.

Smith (B.) Climbing: A Manual for the Young who desire to rise in Both Worlds. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. Fourth Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Price 2s. 6d.

Smith (B.) The Power of the Tongue; or, Chapters for Talkers. By the Rev. BENJAMIN SMITH. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Smith (B.) Sunshine in the Kitchen; or, Chapters for Maid Servants. By the Rev. BENJAMIN SMITH, Author of "Vice-Royalty," "Climbing," etc. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

Smith (B.) Vice-Royalty: or, Counsels respecting Government of the Heart: addressed especially to Young Men. By the Rev. BENJAMIN SMITH. Crown 8vo. Price 3s.

Smith (T.) Youths of the Old Testament. By the Rev. THORNLEY SMITH. 18mo. Price 3s.

Smith (T.) The Holy Child Jesus; or, the Early Life of Christ: Viewed in connection with the History, Chronology, and Archæology of the Times. Foolscap 8vo. Price 3s.

Walker (T. H.) Which Is Best? or, Cottage Sketches from Real Life. By the Rev. T. H. WALKER. Royal 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.

Walker (T. H.) Gems of Piety in Humble Life. By the Rev. T. H. WALKER. Royal 18mo. Price 3s.

Walker (T. H.) Youthful Obligations; or, the Duties which Young People owe to God, to their Parents, to their Brothers and Sisters, to Themselves, and to Society. Illustrated by a Large Number of Appropriate Facts and Anecdotes. Royal 18mo. Price 2s. 6d.

Watson (R.) Conversations for the Young. Designed to promote the Profitable reading of the Holy Scriptures. Royal 18mo, Price 3s. 6d.

PUBLISHED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,

2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD, & 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

NOW PUBLISHING, IN ROYAL 32MO.

THE METHODIST FAMILY LIBRARY.

THE VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED ARE:	Paper covers.	Cloth, plain edges.	Cloth, gilt edges.
		s. d.	s. d.
1. **The Journal of Mr. JOHN NELSON.** Written by HIMSELF	6d.	0 10	1 0
2. **The Experience and Spiritual Letters** of MRS. HESTER ANN ROGERS . . .	6d.	0 10	1 0
3. **Sincere Devotion;** Exemplified in the Life of MRS. MARTIN. By the Rev. B. FIELD .	6d.	0 10	1 0
4. **The Life of Mr. SILAS TOLD.** Written by HIMSELF	6d.	0 10	1 0
5. **A Memoir of Mr. WILLIAM CARVOSSO.** Sixty Years a Methodist Class-Leader. Written by HIMSELF		1 0	1 4
6. **The Life of Mrs. MARY FLETCHER.** Written by HERSELF. Edited by Rev. HENRY MOORE		1 0	1 4
7. **The Life of the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER.** By the Rev. JOSEPH BENSON		1 0	1 4
8. **Prayer: Secret, Social, and Extempore,** being a Treatise on Secret and Social Prayer. By the Rev. R. TREFFRY, Sen.; also A HELP TO EXTEMPORE PRAYER. By the Rev. JOSEPH WOOD		1 0	1 4
9. **A Memoir of the Rev. DAVID STONER;** with Extracts from his Diary and Epistolary Correspondence. By the Rev. JOHN HANNAH and Mr. WILLIAM DAWSON		1 0	1 4
10. **Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Labours** of the REV. JOHN SMITH. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, Jun.		1 0	1 4
11. **Entire Sanctification Attainable in this Life;** being JOHN WESLEY'S "Plain Account of Christian Perfection;" and FLETCHER'S "Practical Application of the Doctrine to various classes of Christians."		1 0	1 4
12. **The Pioneer Bishop:** The Life and Times of FRANCIS ASBURY. By W. P. STRICKLAND . .		1 0	1 4
13. **A Memoir of JOSEPH B. SHREWSBURY.** By his Father, the Rev. W. J. SHREWSBURY . .		1 0	1 4
14. **The Christian Minister in Earnest:** A Memoir of the REV. WILLIAM BRAMWELL; containing Extracts from his Correspondence, and a Delineation of his Personal and Ministerial Character. By the Rev. THOMAS HARRIS . . .		1 0	1 4

"The 'Methodist Family Library' bids fair to be the choicest collection of religious biography, and of popular experimental Divinity in the language. Each book is in itself a gem Every Methodist should read and recommend, and, if possible, possess and circulate, these invaluable books."—*Christian Miscellany.*

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,

2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD; AND 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES, FOOLSCAP 8VO., CLOTH, GILT-LETTERED,
PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE EACH,

A CHEAP EDITION
OF
LIVES OF
EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY BY THEMSELVES.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY, BY THE

REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—*An Introductory Essay; The Journal of John Nelson: Lives of Christopher Hopper, Thomas Mitchell, Peter Jaco, and John Haime.*

VOL. II.—*Lives of Joseph Cownley, Thomas Olivers, Duncan Wright, Thomas Hanby, Alexander Mather, William Hunter, Robert Roberts, Thomas Payne, and Richard Rodda.*

VOL. III.—*The Life and Death of Mr. Thomas Walsh; and the Lives of John Murlin and John Mason.*

VOL. IV.—*Lives of John Pawson, Sampson Staniforth, Thomas Lee, John Prickard, Jonathan Maskew, Matthias Joyce, and James Rogers.*

VOL. V.—*Lives of Thomas Taylor, John Furz, Thomas Rankin, George Story, William Black, William Ashman, and Richard Whatcoat.*

VOL. VI.—*Lives of John Valton, George Shadford, Jasper Robinson, Thomas Hanson, Robert Wilkinson, Benjamin Rhodes, Thomas Tennant, John Allen, John Pritchard, William Adams;*

AND A GENERAL INDEX TO THE SERIES.

*** *The Library Edition, in Six Volumes, Crown 8vo., on Superfine Paper, is still on sale at 3s. per Volume.*

"Few lives are more startling than that of John Nelson, few types of saintly holiness are higher than Thomas Walsh; while Thomas Olivers, John Haime, George Story, and Sampson Staniforth, and a number of other goodly names, represent lives of such intense earnestness, holiness, and activity, as would certainly win them a place in a Catholic calendar of saints, and are so full of glowing adventure that the story of many of them would keep a boy's eyes from winking even late in the night."—*British Quarterly Review.*

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD; AND 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

